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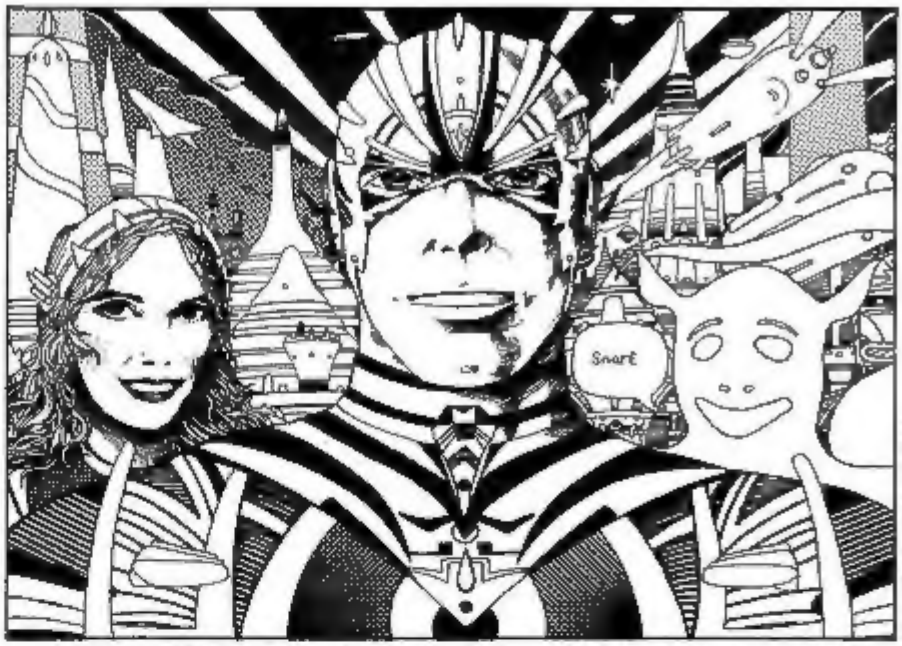

Illustration by Russ Sheffield

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DOSSIER

Elmore Leonard: more Richard Pryor than Robert Ludlum?

Photo by: Joan Leonard

LEONARD DA VINCI

There's a certain type of writing that is considered quintessentially American in popular fiction: a lean, vivid yet understated prose, almost transcendentally journalistic, unerringly naturalistic in pace and tone, true in its representation of dialogue. (Hemingwayesque, *style blanc*, hard-boiled . . . critical terms which tend to spatter craftsmanship with pretense.) It reads deceptively simply; it's very hard to do. Ladies and gentlemen, the Detroit-based thriller writer, **Elmore Leonard**: "I really enjoy writing books now; it used to be such a chore—I think it is for everybody—but lately, in the last few years, I think I finally know what my sound is." He's been at it professionally for more than twenty-five years.

In recent months, I've read an even dozen novels by Leonard—about half his total output, among them a western—and let me clue you in: I'm no masochist—although none have failed to scare me shitless. Since Donald Westlake stopped writing as Richard Stark, no other American has handled the crime novel with such skill, intensity, and humor. Leonard, to boot, has escaped Westlake's wholly undeserved out-of-print doom: his publisher, Arbor House, works at selling his books (***Stick*** and ***LaBrava*** are this year's models); and Avon Books is busily reprinting ***Fifty-Two Pickup*** (1974), ***Unknown Man No. 89*** (1977), ***City Primeval: High Noon in Detroit*** (1980), ***Split Images*** (1981), and ***Cat Chaser*** (1982)—this last, an especial pisser. Moreover, *Stick* is currently being filmed in Miami by Burt Reynolds (in the title role, natch) from Leonard's own screenplay; and all of his 1980's fiction cited above are presently under option.

What makes suspense novels so difficult to write about—unless they're tied to a particular period everyone knows about, like World War II—is what makes them a delight to read: their essential unpredictability. This is acutely the case with Leonard's work, as well as how he works: "I do a first draft that I rewrite constantly because I never know how it's gonna end; I don't want to know. I want the story to come out of the people, and I don't want to force them to do anything. My best characters are the ones I really didn't plan ahead of time . . . Well, Jiggs Scully was one, in *Cat Chaser*. He was going to be a very minor character. Or in *Split Images*, Walter Kouza: he didn't even have a name in his first scene; and Walter started to talk and I thought, my God, I gotta use this guy. Whenever I saw one of their scenes coming up I had nothing to worry about, 'cause these guys just *talk*"—Leonard laughs—"you couldn't shut them up."

"There are scenes, as I start to write them, where I think I know what's gonna happen, and something entirely different happens." Here he cites key scenes from his work and his inclination to push off in the most twisted direction. "It's funny to me when I read a reviewer who says 'Well, I knew three chapters before the end what was going to happen'—he knew more than I did. But really, it's not that important to me. I'm not trying to get a surprise; I want a real *natural* ending. I want the reader to say, 'Yes, of course, that's the way it's gotta be'—but still want to turn pages to see it happen." Because of his sharply-honed improvisational approach, Leonard is in many ways more akin to someone like Richard Pryor than he ever could be to, say, Robert Ludlum. As with Pryor's famed heart attack routine, the reader is painfully aware of mortality in Leonard's work, especially his heroes', Regular Joes all. (There's one of his books wherein, although a score of people are blown away, his hero, love interest, and heavies survive—the last thing one would have expected, but it works chillingly.)

Leonard also peppers his novels with contemporary references that, rather than date his stories, aid in producing a thematic, self-reflective gestalt: The Reagan assassination attempt occurs during the time a boyish millionaire plays at the same sort of thing in *Split Images*. Warren Oates's death weirds out the unassuming title character of *Stick*, who doesn't hear about it until his prison release at the book's beginning, and sets the tone for a deadly comedy of manners in which keeping one's cool proves a vital survival trait. Three other celebrity obituaries neatly tie together in *LaBrava*, where the life of an ex-Secret Service agent (turned photographer) dovetails with that of his favorite *film noir* queen—Leonard's slyest mastermix yet.

Aside from his deadpan humor and funky, urban sensibility (ask Leonard how he researches his westerns. "I use *Arizona Highways* magazine for the description. And the nice thing is, the captions will tell you what the flora is. You could be out there roaming the desert, you wouldn't know one plant from another."), it is ultimately Leonard's use of criminality to cut a sure swath through the American scene that makes his work invaluable beyond its generic requirements. (Doesn't read much in his field, either; proclaiming an early debt to both John D. MacDonald and Hemingway, Leonard praises Raymond Carver, Jim Harrison, Bobbie Ann Mason, and William Kennedy as his current favorites.) Flannery O'Connor once said something to the effect that a good writer always writes about the entire world—whether, one assumes, the immediate concerns range from small town life to a diplomat's earache, or a transatlantic flight. For his part, Elmore Leonard has cunningly spliced a world in which social opposites co-exist: where cops and ex-cons slum with the well-to-do; where everyday people are forced to turn extraordinary to deal one-on-one with their blackmailers and extorters; and where the intense nastiness of violent expediency barely holds its own in conflict with the desire to live decently, without major hassles. That he consciously attempts this, while doing a number on one's pulse, is testament enough to Leonard's ambition; that he succeeds with such apparent effortlessness speaks only of his brilliance.

—Robert Morales

WOOLRICH AND FAMOUS

At night, alone, put your hands on a railroad track and feel the distant pulse of an unseen power increasing in intensity, and finally erupting out of the blackness, overwhelming you at a lightning velocity. Or for the same effect, open to page one of a **Cornell Woolrich** novel.

Such labels as "crime fiction," or "mystery," or "psychological suspense" just aren't good enough for this writer's work—they ignore his bleak pessimism, his violent, fever-heat emotionalism, his poetry of the

night. In the black Woolrich universe, governed by odd twists of fate and bizarre coincidences, desperate characters clockroce wildly to beat the countdown of chance events. Fear eats at the soul, and the night reveals muffled cries of loneliness and despair.

Woolrich's people are doomed, trapped in city honeycombs where "God . . . ordered the grave for all of us." Trapped, in fact, like Woolrich himself, who wrote, "I was born to be solitary, and I liked it that way." A native New Yorker, Woolrich spent his childhood in Mexico, returning to NYC to study journalism and creative writing at Columbia University. He left school to pursue writing full-time, and shortly thereafter moved to Hollywood, where, in 1930, he married twenty-year-old Gloria Blackton (daughter of movie pioneer J. Stuart Blackton). The marriage, later annulled, lasted only a few weeks. Woolrich, a homosexual who chose to cover the waterfront wearing a sailor suit he kept in a locked suitcase, returned to New York to spend the next twenty-seven years trapped in a love/hate relationship with his domineering mother.

In 1934, with six published mainstream novels to his credit, yet deeply in debt, Woolrich began writing for the pulps. Beginning in 1940, with **The Bride Wore Black**, he moved on to hardbacks and his *Black* series of classic suspense novels: **The Black Curtain** (1941), **Black Alibi** (1942), **The Black Angel** (1943), **The Black Path of Fear** (1944), and **Rendezvous in Black** (1948). Woolrich stories and novels were adapted into dozens of radio/TV dramas, including "Four O'Clock" (*Suspicion*, 9/30/57), cited by Francis Nevins as "perhaps the most totally suspenseful film Hitchcock has ever directed." Hitchcock's classic **Rear Window** (1954—recently returned to the screen after a lengthy absence) was also adapted from Woolrich, who received only $600 for the story rights and wasn't even invited to the premiere.

Admired by everyone from Chandler to Bradbury, Woolrich's influence was incalculable. There are thirty-two Woolrich-based movies (including the current French film **I Married a Shadow**, adapted from **I Married a Dead Man**), and a *film noir* chronology reveals him as the central figure lurking behind that movement. In comics, he not only influenced Jules Feiffer's "Spirit" scripts, but also EC, notably via scripter-artist Johnny Craig.

Some see Woolrich at the top of the heap. Harlan Ellison, who wrote an homage story ("Tired Old Man," in *No Doors, No Windows*), stated flatly, ". . . Neither Hammett nor Chandler did to me what that old man Woolrich did." Culture critic Foster Hirsch agrees, calling Woolrich ". . . A better storyteller than Hammett or Chandler, and a master of building and sustaining tension." And yet, for decades, Woolrich remained a shadowy figure of American literature,

Cornell Woolrich without his sailor suit.

available in recent years only in three hard-to-find story collections—**Nightmare** (Avon, 1971), **Angels of Darkness** (Mysterious Press, 1978), and **The Fantastic Stories of Cornell Woolrich** (Southern Illinois University Press, 1981). But now, courtesy of Ballantine Books, his novels are back, featuring Laurence Schwinger's atmospheric, Hopper-like cover illustrations framed beneath the author's name in red neon. It's been a long wait. Too long.

After his mother's death in 1957, Woolrich began a downhill race. Diabetic and alcoholic, he neglected a gangrenous foot until his leg had to be amputated. When his number came up in 1968, he was a millionaire—but he had no close personal friends and no survivors. Apart from his doctor and a few estate-handlers, only a half-dozen or so writers and editors attended his funeral, and the New York *Times* obit misspelled his name twice.

In 1977 Ellison wrote, ". . . No one should live so dark a life as the one through which Cornell Woolrich moved, and leave behind such an enduring legacy, and not be remembered."

In France they never forgot him. Over here, Woolrich is beginning to move out of the shadows.

At last.

—Bhob

(Angels of Darkness, Mysterious Press, 129 West 56th St., NYC, NY 10019. *The Fantastic Stories of Cornell Woolrich*, Southern Illinois University Press, Box 3697, Carbondale, Illinois 62901.)

SHAMUS SHOWDOWN

In the post-Marlowe era, what's a poor shamus to do? It's been a long time since the world was as black-and-white as it was for Chandler's detective. There's too much gray in the eighties, and it takes a different kind of man—often working from a completely different milieu—to sort it out. Enter **Stephen Greenleaf** and **Robert Parker**, two not-just-hardboiled writers who confront this quandary. Parker is by far the most-hyped of the new breed (Dell has recently reissued all of his dozen books with uniform packaging), but I'll take Greenleaf.

His John Marshall Tanner of San Francisco is an ex-lawyer (read: educated, familiar with affluence) who's soured on the judicial system. This doesn't mean he hasn't a finely-tuned moral sense; Tanner hails from a small Iowa farm town—the setting for his recent **Fatal Obsession** (Dial)—and has the most traditional values of any of the current batch of dicks. This *could* make his work that much harder, because Tanner often must deal with Bay Area types whose moral codes are so "modern," so relative, that they are in fact amoral. These include Nader-type activists who hide dirty secrets under squeaky-clean exteriors, druggies who've become unknowing pawns in their own games, Vietnam vets whose lives are studies in decay. To get his job done, Tanner often has to know subjects once thought too highfalutin for the private eye; he also has to know how to get along with the hoi polloi in the street. In the end, it's his solid, small-town sense of ethics that provides the compass Tanner needs to sort out so much conflicting input. And though he's been known to wax a little too purple here and there, Greenleaf writes classic California whodunits (three previous efforts in Ballantine pbs include: **Grave Error**, **Death Bed**, and **State's Evidence**), weaving taut, credible stories that fit the traditional mold even as they stare down the modern world.

Parker's Spenser (no first name) is an ex-boxer and ex-cop from Boston. In fact, Spenser ("That's with an *s*, like the English poet.") is so studious about personifying the Thoroughly Modern Man that he probably couldn't have come from any place else. He jogs and works out on the Nautilus; quotes Gerard Manley Hopkins, Hobbes, and too many others. He struggles to maintain an egalitarian relationship with his girl friend, a child psychologist. The question is: do you want the leader of a men's Consciousness Raising group as *your* P.I.? Well, Spenser does get the job done—often in unorthodox ways. In **Ceremony**, he locates the teenage girl he's been seeking in Boston's sex district, decides she's better off as a call girl than back with her thoughtless parents, and arranges through a madam friend to place her in a toney Manhattan brothel. Spenser agonizes over Right and Wrong at the drop of an issue, though when he does have to act fast, he reverts to the time-honored fists and heavy artillery (which, of course, leads to even more agonizing afterwards). **The Widening Gyre** (Delacorte), Parker's latest, is typical in that it doesn't pose a mystery so much as it sets up a problem and then follows Spenser through to his solution; Parker's stories are negligible, little more than handles on which he and Spenser hang their cleverness. These two are like the smug, insecure party guest who interrupts every conversation to show how much more he knows about the subject at hand. Ultimately, Parker writes amusing little detective novels for people who don't really like detective novels.

—John Northland

Two mega-talented members of multi-monied Duran Duran cavort on a Sri Lanka beach, occasionally taking time to film their new Russell Mulcahy-directed video for "Save a Prayer."

Quick: Identify the dinosaur rocker in this crowd of grinning MTV VJs (hint: he looks a bit dazed and confused).

MUSIC BOX

Rock 'n' roll and TV may have grown up together, but they *never* were close companions. The first "rock videos" (like the clips the Beatles and Stones used to send American television) never caught on, probably because the bands weren't *live*. We had Archies-itis—the fear of fake bands. But now, along with tapes that back bands onstage, unperformable multi-track records, and dance club DJs fiddling with turntables, the camera has come to be accepted with this other new technology: rock and TV have finally joined forces.

MTV became the unfortunate focal point of rock video through a media blitz comparable to herpes, *Jedi*, and AIDS. As rock video's sole mass forum, dictating the state of the art was effortless and MTV's taste was clear: the throbbing, quick-cut look that's synonymous with designer jean ads. And since all record companies now want (and think their bands need) MTV exposure, they're in the position to *restrict* video artists (the opposite of what they're supposed to be doing). Even Dolly Parton's video looks like a Devo/Pepsi Generation nightmare—totally incongruous with her sound. MTV was no doubt a pioneer and drew attention to a valuable new art form, but maybe rock and TV's first marriage isn't the best.

There's no shortage of *Reader's Digest* condensed MTVs elsewhere on the dial. Both HBO and Cinemax have rock video segments, where the image of a gyrating Michael Jackson will be drummed into your dreams. A blessedly short-lived hybrid called "**We're Dancin'**" actually superimposed writhing teenagers *in front of* videos. (Dick Clark never reduced his teens to that, although even "Bandstand" now has a weekly video.)

NBC has made the non-cable network breakthrough with "**Friday Night Videos**," a late-night ninety-minute program that will strike a familiar note to MTV veterans. It's quite baldly "MTV's Top Ten," but with less time to fill they must be more discriminate—so you don't have to watch for hours (and expose yourself to a lot that, believe me, you *don't* want to see) to catch the videos people are talking about.

Yes, there's a lot of video in rock, but is any of the spirit of rock in *video*?

Lisa Robinson—the rock 'n' roll Rona Barrett—has been hurling herself into limos and blowing the locks off dressing room doors for everything from *Creem* to the *New York Post*. (She is perhaps best known for looning Mick Jagger her panties when he lost his jockstrap before a concert.) As host of USA cable's nightly "**Radio 1990**," she has at last found her true calling. Robinson has corrected problems that cripple the MTV format—watching the videos repeatedly and without interruption is numbing. Also, MTV doesn't serve warning when cutting from a good video to something like Def Leppard, testing your couch-to-volume-control speed. By linking the videos with related new items and interviews, Robinson snaps you back now and then and also gives each artist (and video) individuality, thus injecting some sense into her half hour.

Tear gas couldn't mar Robinson's enthusiasm; she is so alive with the sheer joy of being on television that she makes MTV's Martha Quinn look luded out. This could have been "Entertainment Tonight" meets *Rolling Stone*, but her journalistic style has much more in common with Britain's *Face* magazine—a high emphasis on the Pop sophistication of new music. While still managing to show at least thirty videos a week, Robinson brings you "the inside stories" (sound familiar?) from the world of rock, video, fashion, movies, books, and international nightlife, all the while leaning into the camera as if to say, "Can we talk?"

—Steven Maloff

ZZ Top display the latest in bib fashion.

"Even Dolly Parton's video looks like a Devo/Pepsi Generation nightmare . . ."

VIDEO D.

It's gotten so I can't even turn on my fucking TV anymore. Rock video is everywhere. MTV was only the beginning—now there's WTBS's "Night Tracks" and USA's "Nightflight," HBO's "Video Jukebox," and NBC's "Friday Night Videos." Big media has made up its mind and there's no escape from rock-in-the-box. Even the September *HM* had eight pages celebrating it all—where was Moebius when I really needed him?

Whether you love it or leave it—or, like me, do both at once—rock video *has* created its own cathode-ray "Twilight Zone" of sight, of sound, and of mind. And like leopard skin pants and Motown party cassettes, it's already moss-duped its own clichés. Here are ten of the most obnoxious.

1. It's all a dream. The video-within-the-video, the world-within-the-world. We're post-post-modern now; not even a fantasy is really a fantasy anymore.

2. New wave girls in raunch-metal vid-clips: You mean that sleek bitch *really* can't decide between twerpy Neil Schon and bald Jan Hammer?

3. Women in men's jobs: Of course, those gals don't *really* drive trucks or pump Getty unleaded—not the 5'10" limey blondes with Vivien Westwood clothes and unsmeared makeup.

4. Film school *film noir*: Rain-slicked asphalt; two lone headlights roll toward the camera; a thin, young, white man (Frank Sinatra the Seventh) stands on a half-lit street corner and lights a Camel. The synths swell. The wind blows.

5. Sexist rock star thugs destroy property: You'd think these so-called musicians do nothing all day but snort coke and trash their girl friends' dressers.

6. Nouvelle cinemascope: Thick black lines frame the Sony screen—the Russell Mulcahy drive-in effect . . . cut to Cannes '84.

7. Cheap video FX: Tangerine skies and lavender rivers, twelve David Bymes float in a chroma-key sea. Images flip like baseball cards—the Quantel hangover.

8. Dancin' in the street: No matter how hard you work for the money, Broadway's just a kick-step away. After all, show-biz dreams are the ultimate Soma.

9. Bungle in the jungle: Everyone's following Bwana Mulcahy to some exotic locale—Sri Lanka, Tibet, the Bronx. When will the natives get restless?

10. Duran Duran.

—Stuart Cohn

CONFESSIONS OF AN MTV ADDICT

Somebody help me. I can't seem to leave my apartment. I'm getting sluggish. My attention span is steadily disintegrating. And I've been having these bizarre, colorful daydreams that seem so real—and they only last three or four minutes. They're *frightening*—full of weird sexual fantasies, violence, leather and chains, overblown emotions of all kinds, and totally primordial, regressive images. No matter what I do, they don't seem to *stop*.

I've given up on print—novels, poetry, even fashion magazines and junk reading. It takes too long. I never go to the movies any more, and I can't eat—except in front of the TV. We're talking full-fledged addiction here, but with a brand new hook that goes straight for the gut—MTV. Maybe MTV doesn't compare to the narcotics of the last two decades: pot and psychedelics in the sixties, love (according to Bryan Ferry) in the early seventies, money in the late seventies. But my money's on it as *the* opiate of the eighties—it's already got my mind. The high that's got radio stations sedated, record execs flying (you thought that was coke?), and artists permanently dilated has also got its viewers thoroughly anaesthetized. And guess what? Its founders didn't mean to do it (but then all pushers are originally well-meaning); they just wanted to make some bucks off a few kids.

It was just as surprising to MTV's honchos as to everyone else that almost half of MTV's viewership is between the ages of twenty-four and forty. They are a very sophisticated, well-read, imaginative, and monied lot—the kind of over-bred clientele that the sixties left with a permanent taste for escapism, and consequently, stimulation of any kind.

If you don't think it's dangerous enough to cause you damage, you're already in phase one—you've lost the facility to analyze. After that, motor activity slips—the ability to change the channel, and the initiative to even bother. Soon, you'll find your aesthetics (that you've so prided yourself on) have altered—first subtlely, then, dramatically. Say you used to be a Keats scholar, loved to watch performance art, indulged in the most extreme musics from hardcore to avant-dissonance. Post-exposure, you now find you actually *like* Journey (much to your embarrassment), Michael Bolton, Kansas, Saga, and ZZ Top. Well, maybe "like" isn't the right word—but to catch yourself humming along with the songs, reluctantly tapping your feet, repeating the lyrics later on, even imagining you relate to them. And somehow, you find yourself in enormous arenas among the down-vested hordes, getting off on these dinosaurs. Your smug dissenter's taste has gone the way of the common denominator. Isn't rock'n'roll supposed to be about subversion? MTV's rotation policy has the subtle relentlessness of Chinese water torture—five Kansas or Duran Duran videos in eight hours, and you're in their pocket.

Look what happened to me: my taste in visual aesthetics has all but bitten the dust. I woke up one morning and found myself thinking Robert Plant and Bryan Adams attractive—and discovered that rape, pillage, and females dancing in chains and lingerie no longer offended me (particularly when done to a catchy electronic beat). That MTV's selection of rock videos has set feminism back thirty years is not news. But we're learning that prolonged exposure is Freudianly powerful enough to radically alter your definitions of sexuality (I've seen it leave even the least macho men longing for Pat Benatar). All it takes is a minimum of fake flash—lots of color, quick-cut images, clichéd tricky effects, and the tiniest hint of plot (narrative or non, makes no difference), and the imagination is off and racing.

Is it any wonder that so many MTV casualties are fifties' kids? For them (us), TV and rock'n'roll defined the world, so a union of the two (Music? Muzak?) that's never-ending can't be anything but too comforting. Why try to progress intellectually? MTV's got everything—drama, passion, characters, sex, dancing, exaltation, death with a

"My money's on MTV as *the* opiate of the eighties."

good beat. Junkies like to get everything from one source. If one stopped for a minute to compare real life to rock videos, like we used to do with Hollywood, the world would come up short (no contest). It's too late for me; every love affair looks like ABC's "Poison Arrow" video, and no song without pictures can get to me.

A warning to anyone with similar symptoms in the early stages of manifestation: hating TV is not enough to save you. This is a different animal. You will need to be completely deprogrammed. If you think cutting off cable cold turkey will work, forget it. You'll just wind up watching at your friend's house, anyway. Real drugs are not recommended as possible sidetracking; when taken with MTV, they act as catalyst, and the cathode rays enter your mind's eye all the quicker. The only known cures to date are extremely large doses of Dostoevski and German films, or repeated exposure to the sounds of Black Flag, Captain Beefheart, or Xenakis at full volume. Aesthetes and elitists are currently experimenting full time with new cures. As for me—I want my MTV.

—Merle Ginsberg

GIRL WATCHING

On one hand, an hour-long video documentary which chronicles the "girl group" phenomenon of the early sixties is hard to pick nits with: clips of the Ronettes, the Blossoms, the Exciters, and many other examples of the genre are easy to watch and listen to. But—to play devil's advocate—much of ***Girl Groups*** (MGM/UA) is told strictly from the viewpoint of Ellie Greenwich (admittedly an expert), with a closed eye to the Philadelphia scene (the Orlons, Dee Dee Sharp, Claudine Clark, and Patti Labelle and the Blue-Bells). The Phil Spector Story is given much reverence but little in-depth coverage, and altogether too much time is spent on the Supremes. One would guess the makers of *Girl Groups* were limited tremendously by which clips they had access to—most are taken from the old "Shindig!" TV show—thus accounting for the more glaring exclusions. Whatever its lapses, the video does have its basic taste and sensibilities in order, and the end-to-end barrage of this musically fertile period can't help but be overwhelming.

Proper credit is given to the two singers acknowledged as initiators of the sound—the Chantels' Arlene Smith and Spector's Darlene Love—but whereas Spector gets a phenomenal buildup (which even though deserved, gets ridiculous), his predecessor Richard Barrett isn't even mentioned. This is like doing a story about Keith Richards without mentioning Chuck Berry, as the Wall of Sound didn't exactly emerge from a vacuum. Granted, *Girl Groups* tries to cover a lot of territory in just over an hour, but it seems much interesting material has been sacrificed in favor of a lengthy interview with the Supremes' Mary Wilson, whose story—albeit interesting—doesn't have much to contribute to the whole picture.

Considering that Alan Betrock's similarly titled book was far more extensive in its coverage of primarily the same territory, one would heartily recommend it as a companion to the video. And maybe somebody will do a whole *Phil Spector Story*, or *Whatever Happened to Brenda Reid*, or any of the other things you can do with girl groups beyond splicing together a bunch of killer clips.

—Jon and Sally Tiven

Tim Leary (with can of his second favorite drug) and G. Gordon Liddy (on the nod).

CIRCUS OF THE STARS!

Ladies and gentlemen! Children of all ages! Get ready for the media circus of the eighties! Watch the oop who bungled Watergate and destroyed Tricky Dick meet the guru of those way-out, wacky, drug-soaked sixties in a horn-locking, wit-battling debate to end all debates! That's right, **G. Gordon Liddy** and **Timothy Leary**—who last crossed paths almost two decades ago when the former arrested the latter at his Millbrook funny farm—are at it again, for our amusement and their enrichment! If you missed this spectacular duel of the fascist and the pharmacist at your local college campus, director **Alan Rudolph** and producer **Carolyn Pfeiffer** (the team that brought you *Welcome to L.A.*) have provided you with ***Return Engagement!***

You'll thrill as the good Dr. Tim waxes cosmic to a group of naked, blissed-out, aging hippies at Esalen! You'll wet your seat as G. Gordon harleys to hell with some former prison mates! Leary plays video games! Liddy plays exterminator at the Beverly Hills Gun Club! With special guest celebrities Harry Nilsson! Arnold Schwartzeneggar! Geraldo Rivera! Shelley Hack! Cheech Marin! And the Lord's own turncoat, Marjoe Gortner! Plus, stomp your feet to the psychedelic soundtrack sounds of King Crimson's own Adrian Belew! All culminating in the Great Debate, filmed in Los Angeles—the city where everyone's a star—a year ago last September! See Leary squirm as he's confronted by a Vietnam vet whose eyes were shot out by LSD-crazed youths! See Liddy make feeble excuses for murder! See two men, however ego-smitten they are, remind you of what is great about America and why they are two of the best, and most opposite, reasons for its greatness! You'll run the whole gamut, from laughter to tears, from greed to integrity! At a theater near you!

—Michael Simmons

HAHALLYWOOD

"If Norman Mailer can repackage Marilyn Monroe a few times, there's no reason he can't do justice to *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*."

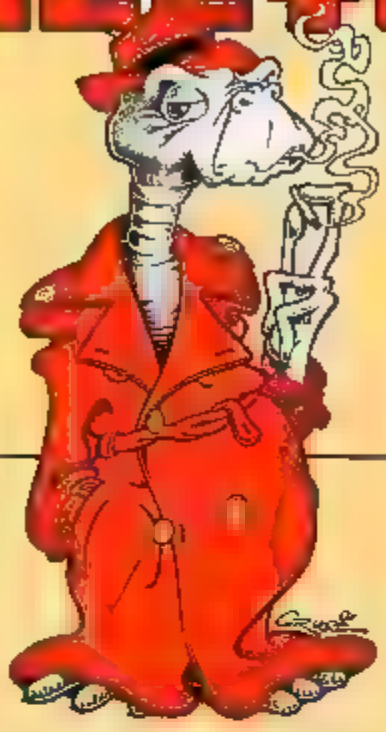


Illustration by **Howard Cruse**

Read any good movies lately? With another gift-giving season upon us, you might start pondering that question in earnest. Movie novelizations, you see, are all the rage in bookstores these days, with science fiction and fantasy tomes leading the pack.

Basically, novelizations are instant-books. Usually they appear simultaneously with the movie they're based upon and, for the most part, are merely fleshed out versions of the script.

Unfortunately, a lot of these novelizations are fair to ridiculous in execution (can anyone forget just how idiotic the *Close Encounters* book was?), although, lately, a lot of real, honest-to-Yoda writers have been recruited to take their crack at the projector-to-paperback process. (Please believe me, William Kotzwinkle actually wrote novels *before* he did *E.T.* and *Superman III*.)

These half-breed books have proven themselves to be bona fide best-sellers (as of this writing, Joan Vinge's *Return of the Jedi* storybook, retailing in hardcover for a hefty $6.95, has been on the *New York Times* best-seller list for 18 weeks!) but, frankly, for the true literature buff, they lack, er, that certain *je ne sais quoi* that makes for good, rewarding reading.

And so, in the true spirit of artistic compromise, I propose the perfect hybrid. Novelizations that will appeal to both the snobs and the submorons! First, fill the books with tons of photos from their movie source. Then, have the studios recruit big name writers to pen the novelizations. This process will be great for new movies and, heck, you can even go back and dust off some of the older titles for a quick superstar reworking.

Look, if Norman Mailer can repackage Marilyn Monroe a few times, there's no reason he can't do just as to *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*.

And now, just to show the studios that my heart (and wallet) are in the right place, here are a few example novelizations I'd like to see in my Christmas stocking this year.

E.T. - D.O.A.
By Mickey Spillane

He was short and lean and mean and green ... and stuck in a clothes closet. He pressed his body against the wall. It felt good to his touch. He glanced around him. He was surrounded by dolls. Not the kind of dolls he was used to hanging around, either. These ones were stuffed with sawdust and probably wouldn't survive a quick round of Hide the Tentacle without losing an arm or a leg, or a Made in Taiwan tag.

He strained his head to listen for the Earth woman called "Mommy" outside. He would have strained his ears but his kind didn't have them. His kind never did. Sensing that big Mommy was gone, he flat-footed it out of the closet and across the room.

That's when he spotted them.

They were round and shiny and chocolate.

Without thinking, he grabbed one. It felt good to his touch. Besides that, it melted in his mouth and not in his tendrils.

The room began to spin around him. The shock of recognition hit him hard. He had wandered onto a set left over from *Poltergeist*.

Psycho, Too
By Mister Rogers

Norman Bates stood over the lady with the knife stuck in her head, wondering if she was dead or just a unicorn.

A unicorn is a mythological animal that has a horn coming out of its head. It looks very much like a horse, but isn't.

"Oh, no!" Norman said, "It looks like this lady has been impaled by a knife!"

"What's that?" cried his friend, Betsy, stepping from the shadows.

"Impaled?" Norman blinked. "It's like being stabbed only worse. Can you say impaled?"

"Yes," Betsy replied. "Im-paled."

"See?" Norman grinned. "That wasn't so hard."

"What are we going to do, Norman?" Betsy asked.

"Well, we could go upstairs and count from one to ten. Can you count from one to ten?"

"Yes," Betsy nodded. "I can. That is a very good idea. I am beside myself with joy."

"Does that mean there are *three* of you down here spying on me?" Norman said, pulling the knife out of the lady and holding it in front of him.

"Norman," Betsy laughed, backing away. "It was just a figure of speech. Can you say figure of speech."

"Sure," Norman smiled. "Im-pale. -M-P-A-L-E."

Twilight Zone: The Movie
By Andy Rooney

You are entering another dimension ... a dimension not only of sight and sound but also of the mind. Hey. Have you ever really thought about how we use the word "mind?" If I use my brain, then I'm using my mind. But if I mind someone's child, am I brainin' him? Only if the little squirt is a real monster. Have you ever thought about the term justifiable homicide? And how about pedophilia. I mean, how many peds can you feel at one time anyway?

Yor
By Ernest Hemingway

It was hot. The sun beat down on his peroxide hair, reflected off his arms, around his elbows and settled 'round his massive fingers—calloused from doing things that people in New Jersey only dream about.

He stood in the desert sand, his feet outstretched, his legs arched and gleaming. He squinted at the alien landscape stretched before him. Boy, this place sure looked like Turkey

The woman next to him stared up, adoringly, at his thighs. She was very very short

"Who are you?" she asked the tall, masculine stranger

"I'm You"

"You're my what?"

"I'm not your anything."

"Then who are you?"

"I'm You."

The woman rolled her eyes, but caught them before they got away. "You're my what?"

"I'm not your anything!"

"Then who are you?"

"I'm You, not yours!!"

"Oh. You're You?

"Yeah."

"Oh."

You gazed down at the woman, feeling a stirring in his loincloth that was either excitement or a squirrel monkey. "And who are you? he asked.

"Mine," she answered.

"You're Mine?"

"You wish."

They both stared at the alien landscape before them. Boy, it really did seem like Turkey out there

Star Trek III: The Search For Spock
By Barbara Woodhouse

Now where is that Spock anyway? Here Spock. Come on, Spock. Come here, boy Spock? Spock? Gosh! This isn't like him at all! Spock? Come on, boy. Over here.

Something Wicked This Way Comes
By Neil Simon

It was the kind of crisp, colorful October known only to senile people and Hallmark Cards. Mr. Dark knocked on the door. Once. Twice. The door swung open.

"I am Mr. Dark," he announced. "I have come for the children."

"Great," said the man at the door. "My name is Jenny. Bill Jenny and kids I'm all outta

"But I thought isn't this 1006 Mockin "

"Nah. It's 1009. Common mistake. Hey seen you around. You own that carnival, right? The Pancreatic "

"Pandemonium."

"Whatever used to be in vaudeville. Need a comic, Darkie?"

"That's Dark."

"Think so? I'll talk to my decorator. Hey like you, Darkie. You gotta snappy comeback. Just like your checks. Just kidding."

"Look, I really must be going."

"Calm down. You're starting to look like the first husband of a widow. Ba-dom-bomp. Hey. Anyone ever tell you that you were dark and handsome? When it's dark, you're handsome. Say, is that your nose or are you eating a banana? Tell ya, Dark, you might think about getting your face lifted. Maybe by Steve Reeves. No, I'm kidding. You're very good looking in a way. Away all."

"I have to go."

"But I haven't even made fun of California yet!"

"Really."

"That's ok. I understand. You know, your photos do you a real injustice. They look like you."

Mr. Dark backed down the stairway and walked quickly to the house next door. He knocked on the portal. Once. Twice. It swung open. A thin, birdlike man stood there.

"I am Mr. Dark and I've come for "

"Oscar!" Felix yelled, "another one of your poker playing cronies is here."

"No, I'm "

"Oscar will be out in a minute. He's suffering from bottle fatigue."

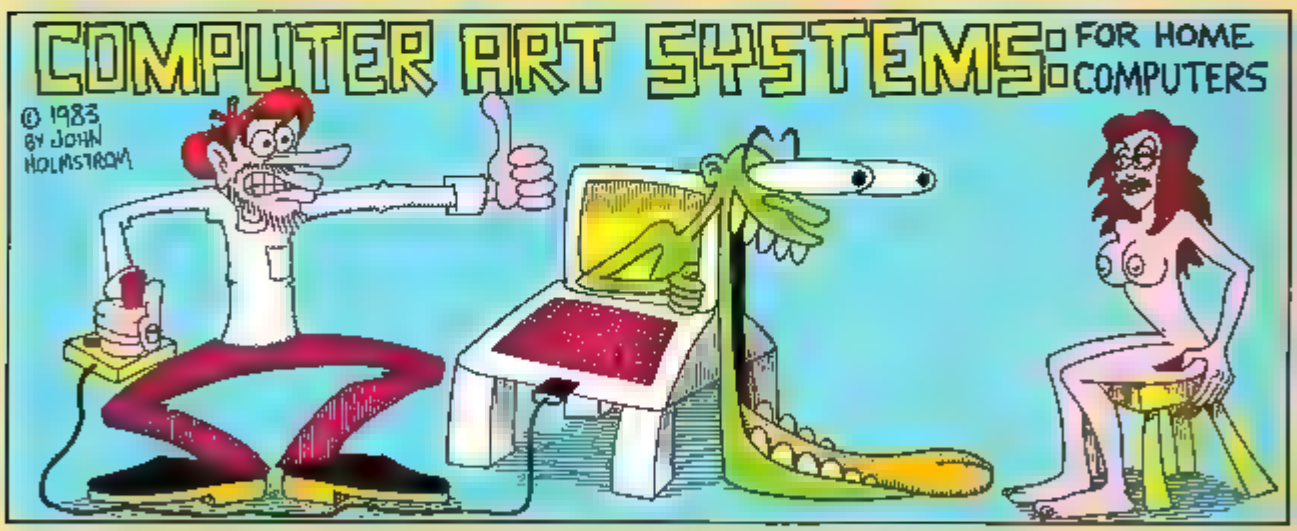
A voice boomed from within. "Don't mind Felix, he's such an indecisive wimp he has a seven-year-old kid he hasn't named yet!"

Mr. Dark leaned against the door and sighed. "You have any aspirin?"

Impressed? I thought so. And this is only the tip of the iceberg, book buffs. I have plans! Big plans! Novelizations are only the beginning! How about the *Conan the Barbarian Activity Book* (ax blades not included)! Or George Romero's *Lunch of the Living Dead Cook Book* (watch out for his recipe for lady fingers!). And the *Spacehunter Puzzle Book* (See the actors. They are lost. Can you help them find the plot? If so, would you like to be a producer?)!

The possibilities are limitless!

-Ed Naha



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-JOHN HOLMSTROM

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RANXEROX IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17TH, 1988—FROM RANXEROX'S ELECTRONIC MEMORY

LUBNA AND I LIVED IN NEW YORK FOR ***ONE MONTH.*** AFTER THAT HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE WITH ***MISTER VOLARE*** AND ***BROADWAY,*** WE SHARED AN APARTMENT ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE WITH A STRANGE GUY WHO REALLY GOT ON LUBNA'S NERVES. WITH MY BUILT-IN MACHINERY FOR SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATION (NEW YORK IS AN INCREDIBLE MELTING POT) I DIDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH THE VARIOUS LANGUAGES. THUS, I WORKED AS A ***CAB DRIVER,*** FERRYING PEOPLE EVERYWHERE. BUT AS YOU MIGHT KNOW, IN NEW YORK YOU ***NEVER*** HAVE ENOUGH ***MONEY,*** AND MY RELATIONSHIP WITH LUBNA WAS MORE ***STRAINED*** THAN EVER

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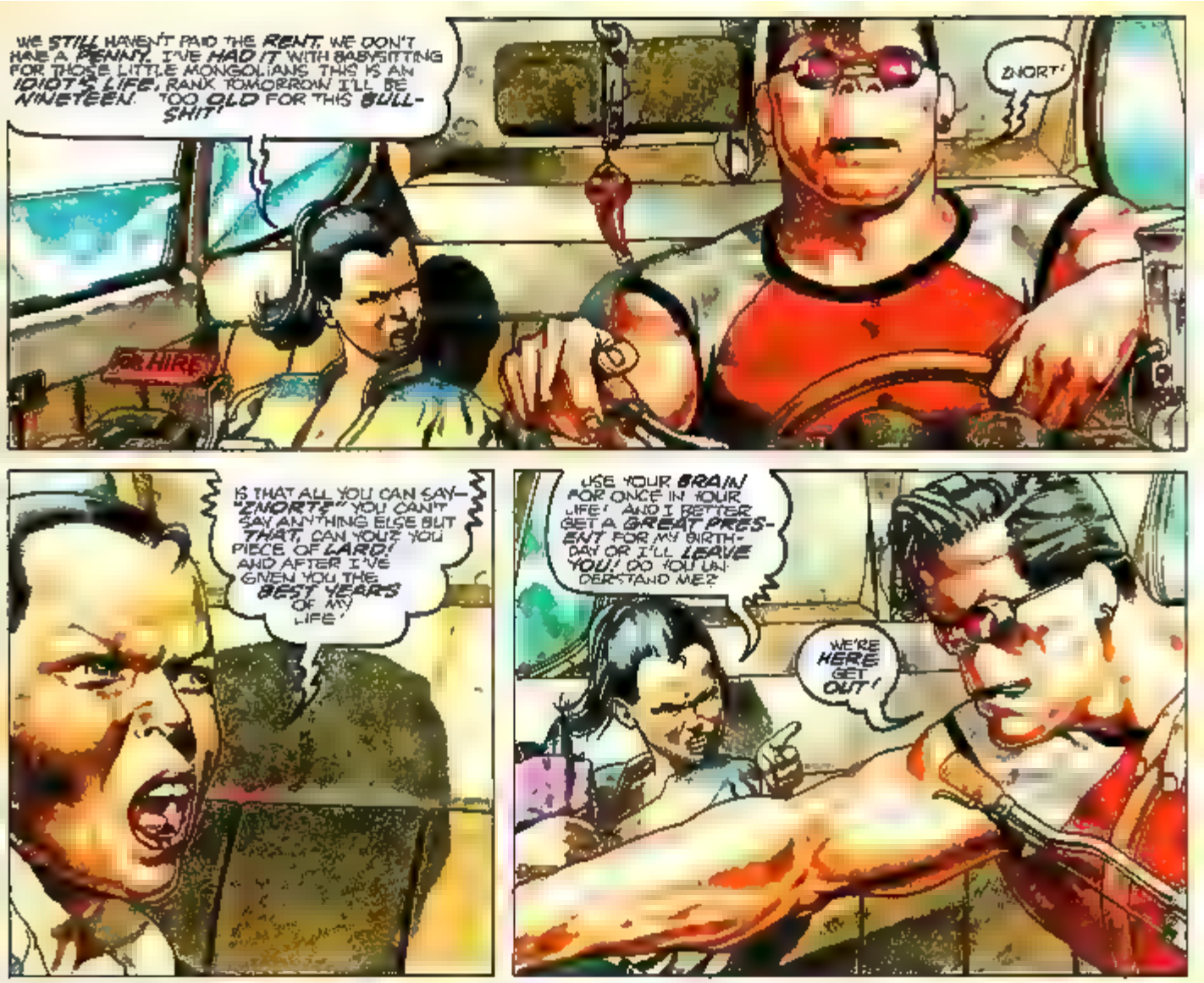
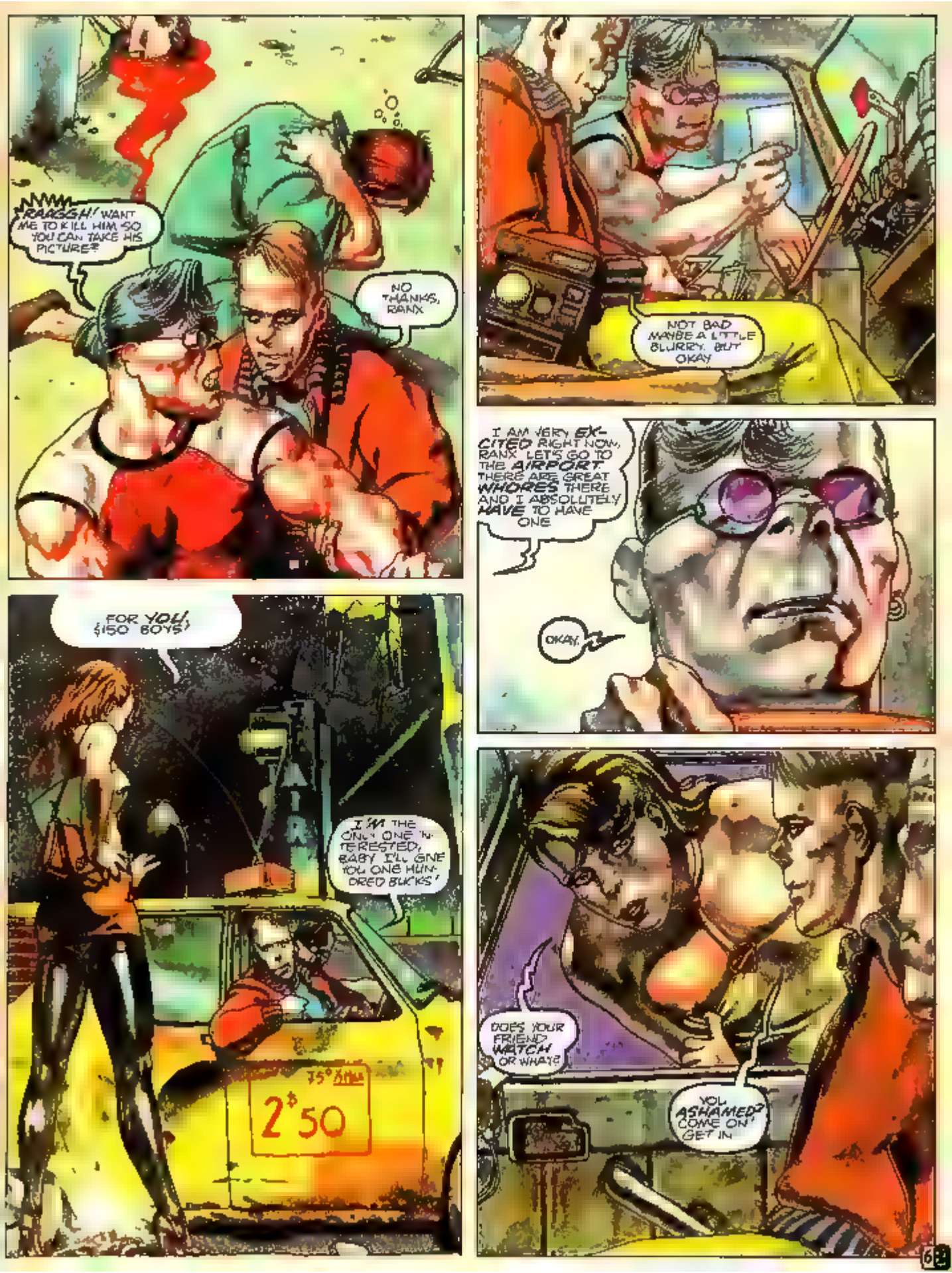

WE STILL HAVEN'T PAID THE RENT. WE DON'T HAVE A PENNY. I'VE HAD IT WITH BABYSITTING FOR THOSE LITTLE MONGOLIANS. THIS IS AN IDIOT'S LIFE. RANK TOMORROW I'LL BE NINETEEN. TOO OLD FOR THIS BULL-SHIT!
ZNORT!
FOR HIRE
IS THAT ALL YOU CAN SAY— "ZNORT?" YOU CAN'T SAY ANYTHING ELSE BUT THAT, CAN YOU? YOU PIECE OF LARD! AND AFTER I'VE GIVEN YOU THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE!
USE YOUR BRAIN FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE! AND I BETTER GET A GREAT PRESENT FOR MY BIRTHDAY OR I'LL LEAVE YOU! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
WE'RE HERE GET OUT!

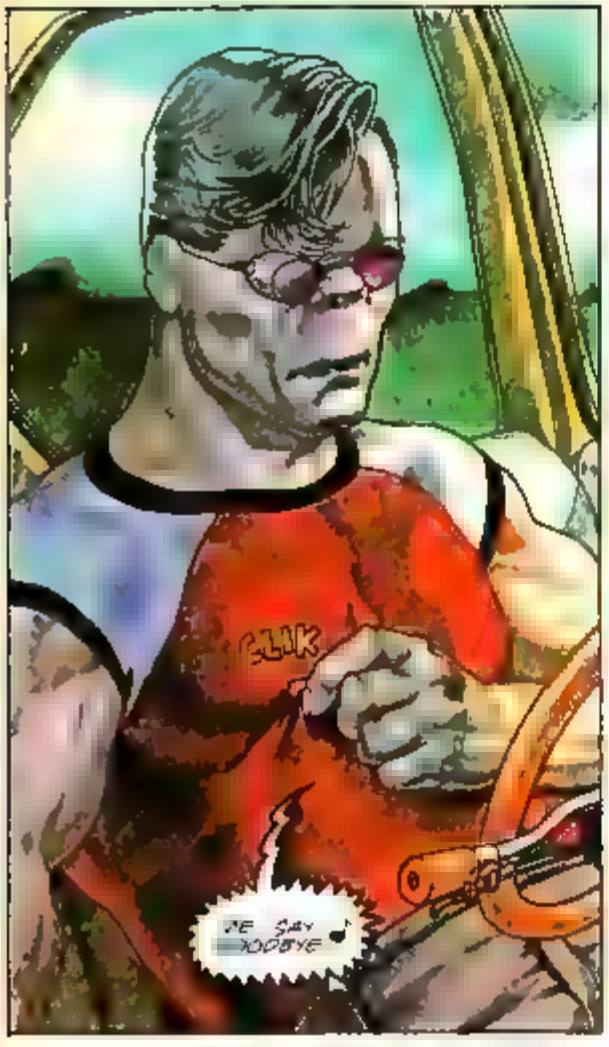
LUBNA SHOULD'VE THANKED HER LUCKY STARS. JUST ABOUT THEN, I HAD SHORT CIRCUITED, WHICH PREVENTED ME FROM PUNCHING IN HER LITTLE SHITFACE! BUT WHAT AM I SAYING? SHE IS MY LIFE. I CAN'T HURT HER ZNORT!

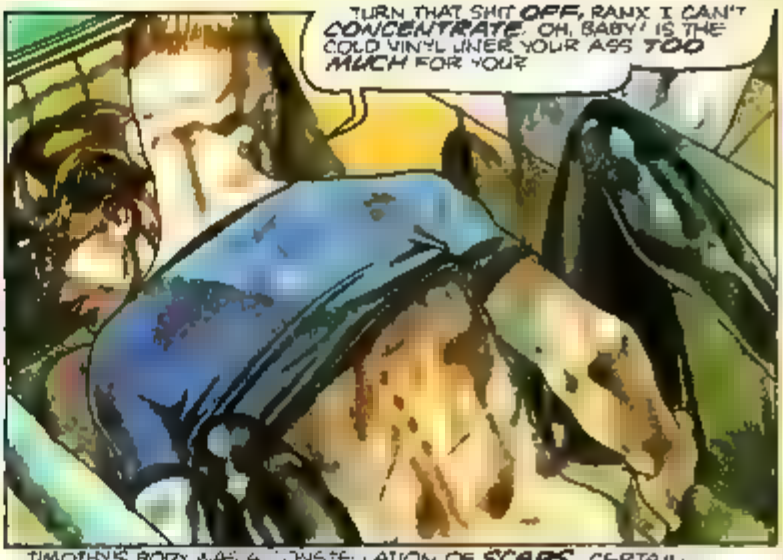
I OUGHT TO GET HOOKED UP WITH A MILLIONAIRE OR A ROCK-STAR AND LEAVE THIS SHITTY NEIGHBORHOOD. THINGS WERE BETTER FOR ME IN ROME. DO YOU HEAR ME, PENIS BREATH?
TIMOTHY
RANX! THINGS ARE AS USUAL, HUH? COME ON IN!
YOU ARE ALWAYS HANGING OUT WITH THAT LITTLE CREEP. WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO WORK? YOU DON'T NEED ANY SLEEP... YOU'RE NOT HUMAN, REMEMBER? I'VE GOT TO GO AND TAKE CARE OF THE KIDS UPSTAIRS!
SBAT!
OOOF AT LEAST SHE'S GONE THAT LITTLE SHIT!

WHAT'S THAT?
MY ALBUM OF EROTIC PHOTOS. YOU WANNA SEE?
THE MEETING OF FLESH AND METAL IN CAR CRASHES EXCITES ME TO DEATH! THESE ARE MY PIN-UPS!
LOOK AT THIS SLIDE OF THAT MODEL, FRANKIE ROGERS. I PASTED PHOTOS OF WOUNDS, CLIPPED FROM A MEDICAL DICTIONARY, ON HER FACE. MY DREAM IS TO DIE IN AN ACCIDENT AT THE SAME TIME SHE DOES AND TO HAVE AN ORGASM AT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT!
I HAVE TO GET BACK TO WORK. YOU WANT TO COME?
SURE! GREAT IDEA!
THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT TIMOTHY THAT INSPIRED COMPLICITY IN ME. HE WAS A THIRTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD GOING ON FIFTEEN AND HE HAD INCREDIBLE ENTHUSIASM. HE HELPED ME TO COOL DOWN MY TRANSISTORS. THE ONES THAT LUBNA HAD OVERHEATED.
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I GOT THOSE PICTURES. DO YOU WANT TO SEE?
HMM? ERRR... YEAH!
FOLLOW THAT AMBULANCE!

FOLLOWING THE AMBULANCE WE EVENTUALLY ARRIVED AT THE SITE OF A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT
EEEEEEEEEE
MAMA!
WHAT A WRECK!
NOW! A LITTLE BLOOD AND WE'LL PUT IT ON THE MEN
THIS IS GREAT! SHE'S VERY BEAUTIFUL. MAYBE SHE'S AN ACTRESS!
GET OUT OF HERE YOU JACKAL! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
HUH?
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING? GET YOUR PAWS OFF MY FRIEND
KROK

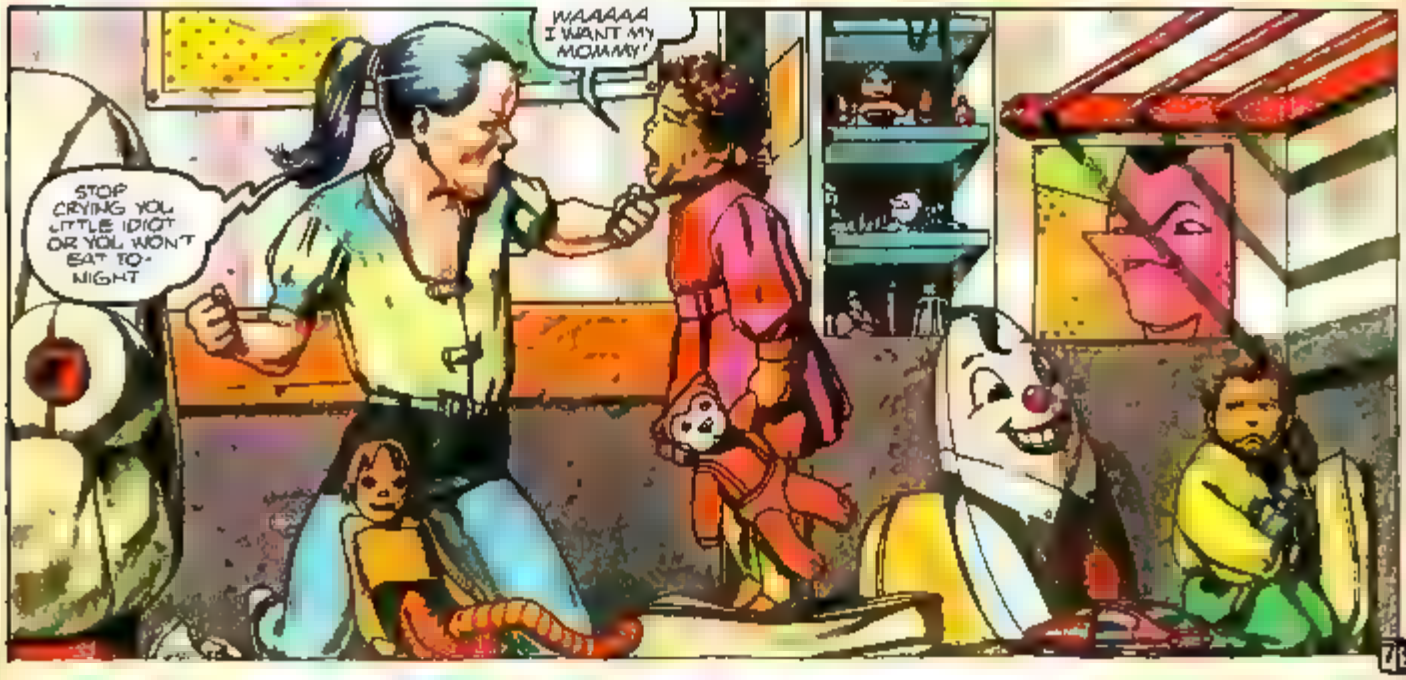

RAAGGH! WANT ME TO KILL HIM SO YOU CAN TAKE HIS PICTURE?
NO THANKS, RANX
NOT BAD MAYBE A LITTLE BLURRY. BUT OKAY
I AM VERY EXCITED RIGHT NOW, RANX LET'S GO TO THE AIRPORT. THERE ARE GREAT WHORES THERE AND I ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO HAVE ONE
OKAY.
FOR YOU, $150 BOYS!
I'M THE ONLY ONE INTERESTED, BABY I'LL GIVE YOU ONE HUNDRED BUCKS!
75¢ OFF
2$50
DOES YOUR FRIEND WATCH OR WHAT?
YOU ASHAMED? COME ON! GET IN

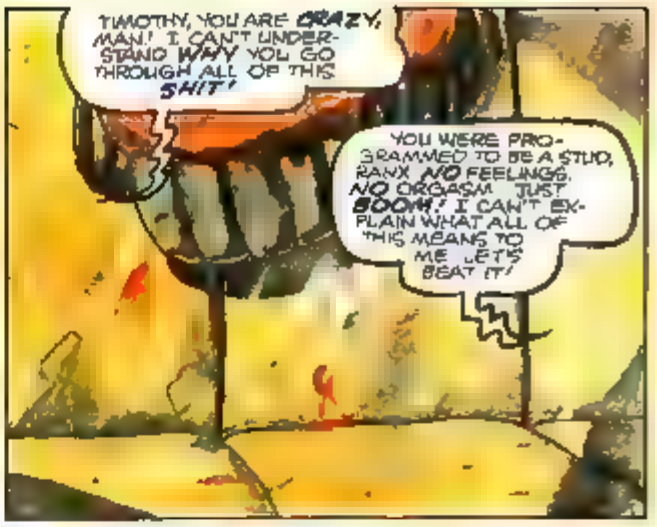




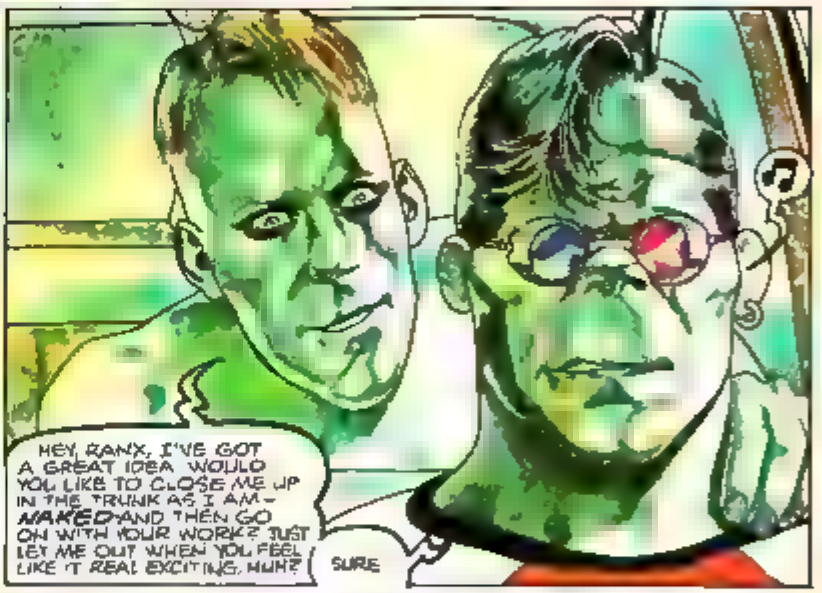
TIMOTHY'S BODY WAS A CONSTELLATION OF SCARS, CERTAIN ONES NOT YET HEALED. HIS BODY WAS A TESTIMONY TO NUMEROUS CAR ACCIDENTS! WHAT A MANIAC!

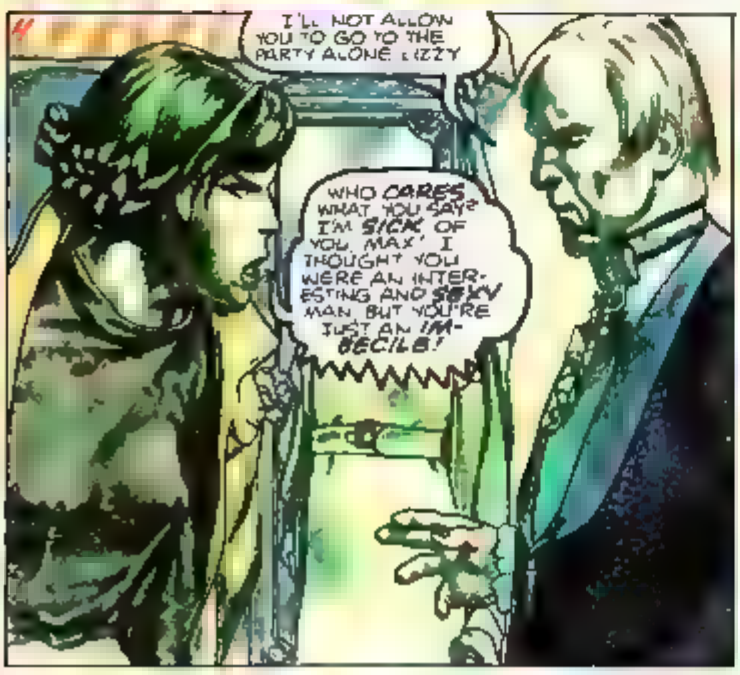
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND TIMOTHY AT ALL, BUT I WAS FASCINATED BY HIS EXCITEMENT. I FELT AS IF MY CIRCUITS WOULD WANT TO LEARN ABOUT THESE SENSATIONS. LUBNA HAD NEVER TALKED TO ME ABOUT THESE THINGS. I TWISTED MY RIGHT NIPPLE IN ORDER TO TURN ON THE RADIO IN MY BODY




TIMOTHY, YOU ARE CRAZY, MAN! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU GO THROUGH ALL OF THIS SHIT!
YOU WERE PROGRAMMED TO BE A STUD, RANX NO FEELINGS, NO ORGASM. JUST BOOM! I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHAT ALL OF THIS MEANS TO ME. LET'S BEAT IT!

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR I COULD SEE THE BACK SEAT. IT WAS SPOTTED WITH BLOOD AND SPERM. MY TRANSISTORS TOLD ME THAT THIS NOCTURNAL BINGE WAS NOT YET OVER!


HEY, RANX, I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA. WOULD YOU LIKE TO CLOSE ME UP IN THE TRUNK AS I AM - NAKED - AND THEN GO ON WITH YOUR WORK? JUST LET ME OUT WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE IT. REAL EXCITING, HUH?
SURE

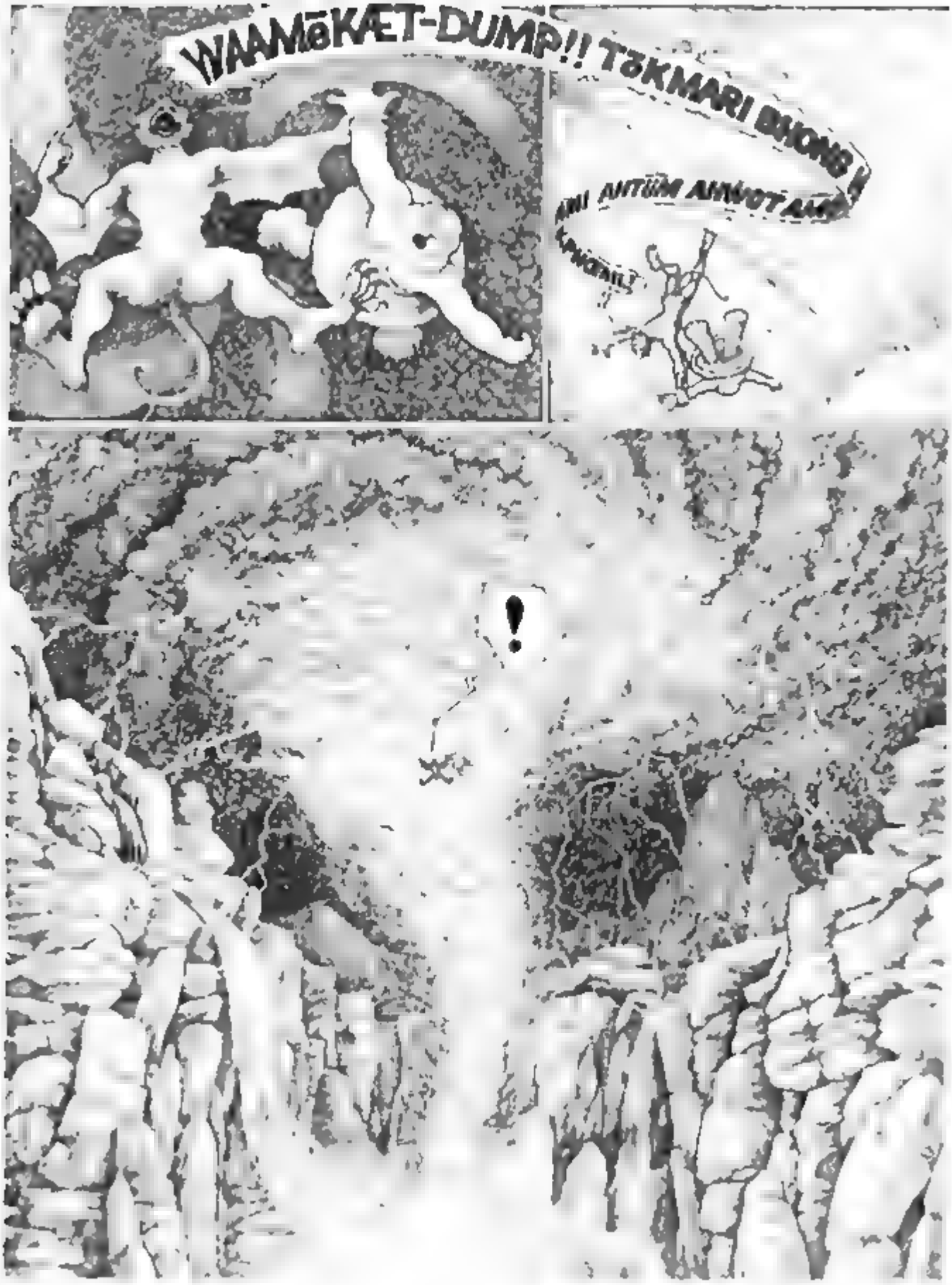

I'LL NOT ALLOW YOU TO GO TO THE PARTY ALONE, LIZZY
WHO CARES WHAT YOU SAY? I'M SICK OF YOU, MAX! I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN INTERESTING AND SEXY MAN, BUT YOU'RE JUST AN IMBECILE!

GET LOST, MAX!
YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE FOR YOU. BE FAIR! PERHAPS I'M NOT IN GOOD SHAPE, WHAT WITH WORK, MY NERVES

YOU'RE ANNOYING ME, MAX! TAXI!
TAKE ME TO THE CORNER OF LEXINGTON AND 61ST AND MAKE IT FAST!
LIZZY! I BEG OF YOU DON'T LEAVE! YOU KNOW I'LL DIE!
GO ON, PLEASE
IT'S OVER!
CORNER
ROAR
NOW... WHERE DO WE REALLY GO?
TAKE ME WHEREVER YOU WANT. HEY YOU'RE SORT OF CUTE. WANNA COME PARTY WITH ME?
I HAVE TO EARN MY MONEY THIS EVENING, MADAME! I DON'T HAVE TIME TO HAVE FUN... AND FUCKING COSTS MONEY!

TO BE CONTINUED

TEXARCANA
COMING SOON


WAAMŌKÆT-DUMP!! TƏKMARI BAKOMB!!
AMI AITŪM AMMOT AAM
KAMOMAIL

WANTED
I COULD BE TH

UH, HE MEANS A CYCLONE, ROSE
OH!
YEAH, OKAY... WELL, A CYCLONE, THEN ANY HOW, TH' DAMN' THING TORE THROUGH WHORESON WELLS.
SUCKED UP JIMMY JUDD'S PRIZE BULL AN' DISAPPEARED INTA TH' MOUNTAINS JEST WEST O' HERE
GOD! I KNOW THEY'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERES, DEADER'N LI'L DOORNAILS!
LISTEN, SHERIFF, IF YOU'RE FIGURIN'ON GETTIN' UP A SEARCH PARTY FER THESE CRITTERS..
... I'D LIKE T' BE TH' FIRST T' VOLUNTEER
AND OUT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN
BOARDING HOUSE
!!
!!
WHAT'S ALL TH' RACKET?! I HAD MY SIGHTS SET ON GETTIN' SOME SHUT EYE!
I'M EXPECTING A LATE ARRIVAL. IT'S PROBABLY HIM. GO ON BACK TO BED.
ALL RIGHT! I'M COMING!

WHAT ?
PALOMA SUE ?!!
I WAS IN TIME SI ESTILL LIVES SIGNORA BURNS
TAKE HER TO MY ROOM THE FIRST DOOR ON THE RIGHT THROW A QUILT OVER HER THEN GO UPSTAIRS AND GET OUT OF THOSE WET CLOTHES !
IT'S BAD ENOUGH TRYIN T SLEEP WITH ALL THIS THUNDER AN LIGHTNIN
PLEASE MILDRED, NOT NOW!
JULIO, JULIO! WAKE UP!
WHAT S GO N ON HETTIE? WHO'S THAT MAN AN WHAT'S HE DOIN' WITH TH SERVANT GIRL?
SI SEÑORA, I WAS A'READY NOT ASLEEP
YES, JULIO, I CAN SEE THAT BUT I NEED YOU TO GO AND FETCH DOCTOR MASON
¿ ON A NIGH LIKE THEES?
I'M SORRY, BUT PALOMA SUE HAS HAD AN ACCIDENT
I WILL BREENG BACK TH' DOC, PRONTO.
YOU WILL NO DOUBT FIND HIM AT THE NOOSE AND GIBBET AND JULIO, WEAR YOUR SLICKER
SI, SEÑORA
THEY WUZ, THE BOTH OF 'EM DRUNKER'N SKUNKS !
MILDRED, WILL YOU HELP ME? GET PALOMA SUE OUT OF HER WET THINGS AND UNDER THE COVERS WHILE I MAKE A FIRE
THE VERY IDEA! ME WAIT ON A SERVANT !

An' a Godless Redskin at that
You know how I feel on that subject Mildred! You have a right to your opinion of course, however despicable! But I do not have to listen to it!
Now, either help out or please go back to bed
Uppity sow! She'd never dare talk at me like that if she knew the truth about old Mildred Black!
Sure, Hettie I'll help ya
Meanwhile upstairs
Don't you realize what you have done?
Don't you know how it will look?
Minutes after arrive a girl is attacked
This may be a backward frontier town but Klein people are not stupid!
You continue to make trouble. Soon there will be nowhere left to go
The harlot in Kansas City the traveling drummer in Tucson that hapless cowboy back there in the mountains that's fine. Who would know?
But this girl, she has friends. She is well known to the people here
She would be missed. I would be blamed. And then where would you be

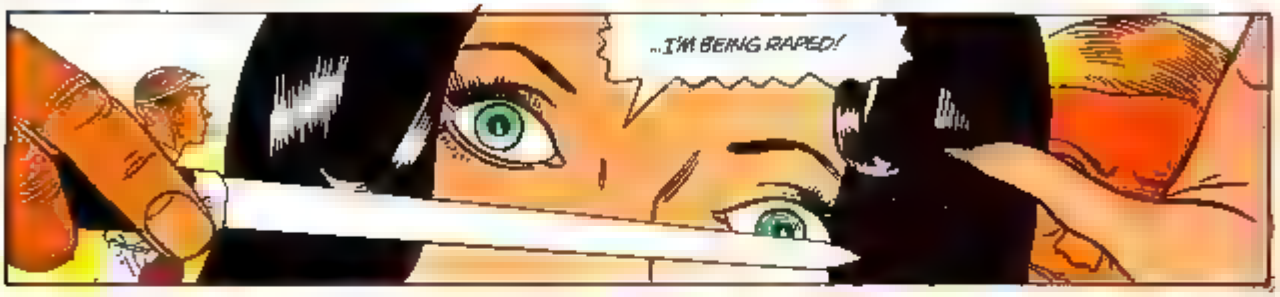
EROTICA PAR BARBE

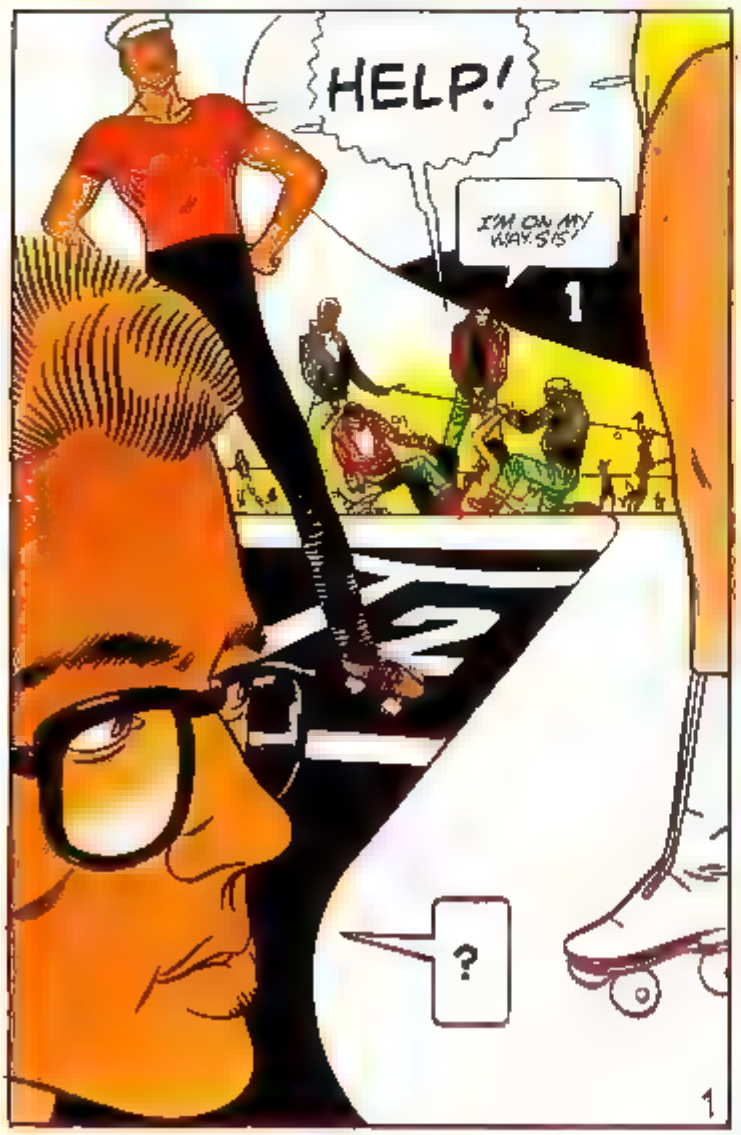
These strips are excerpted from the new book *Strips* illustrated by Barbe, and published by Flying Buttress Publications. It will be available this winter.

BARRIE

BARBE

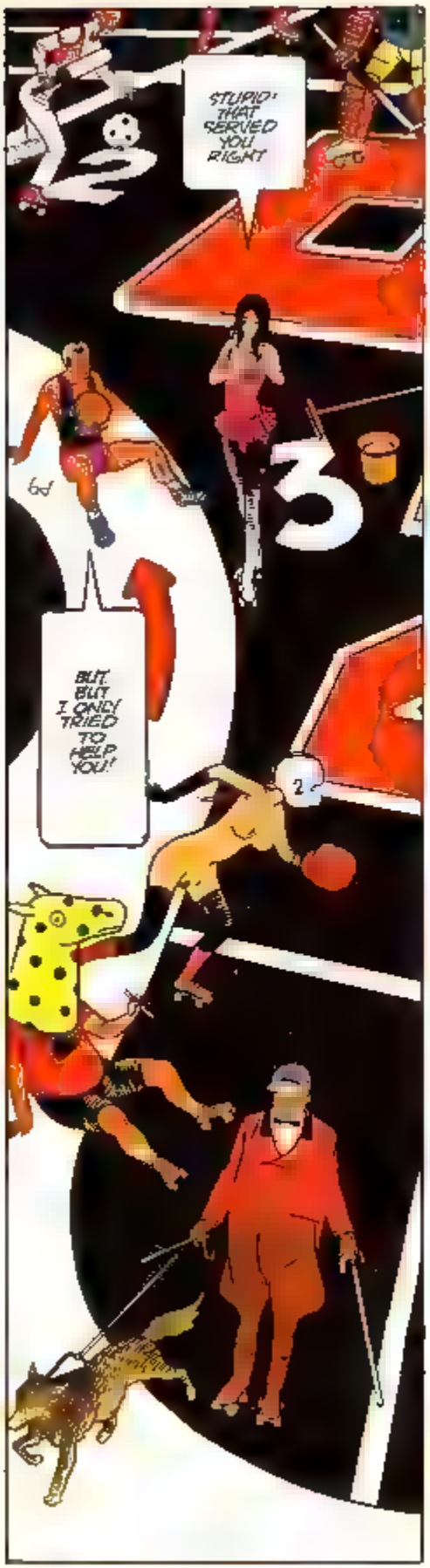
•REBEL WITH A CAUSE•





©CIRO MATSUDA

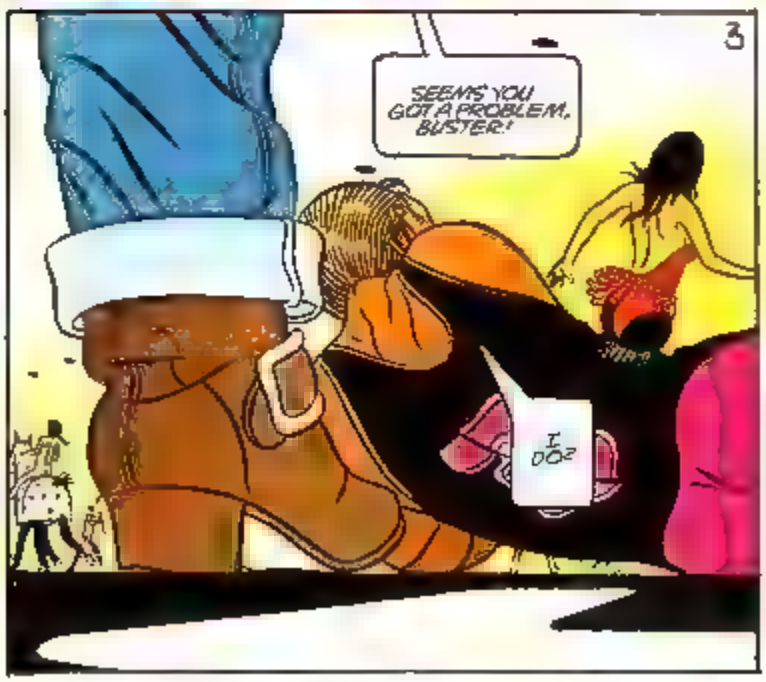
HOW DARE YOU TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT GIRL IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!
MAYBE WE SHOULD DO IT AT NIGHT!
HOLD ON! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT SUCKER!
OUCH!
TAKE THAT!
AND THIS!
AAH!
2
OOOH...
THAT'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON!
HOPE SO! CAN'T GET IT UP ANYMORE 'CAUSE OF HIM!


STUPID! THAT SERVED YOU RIGHT
BUT, BUT I ONLY TRIED TO HELP YOU!

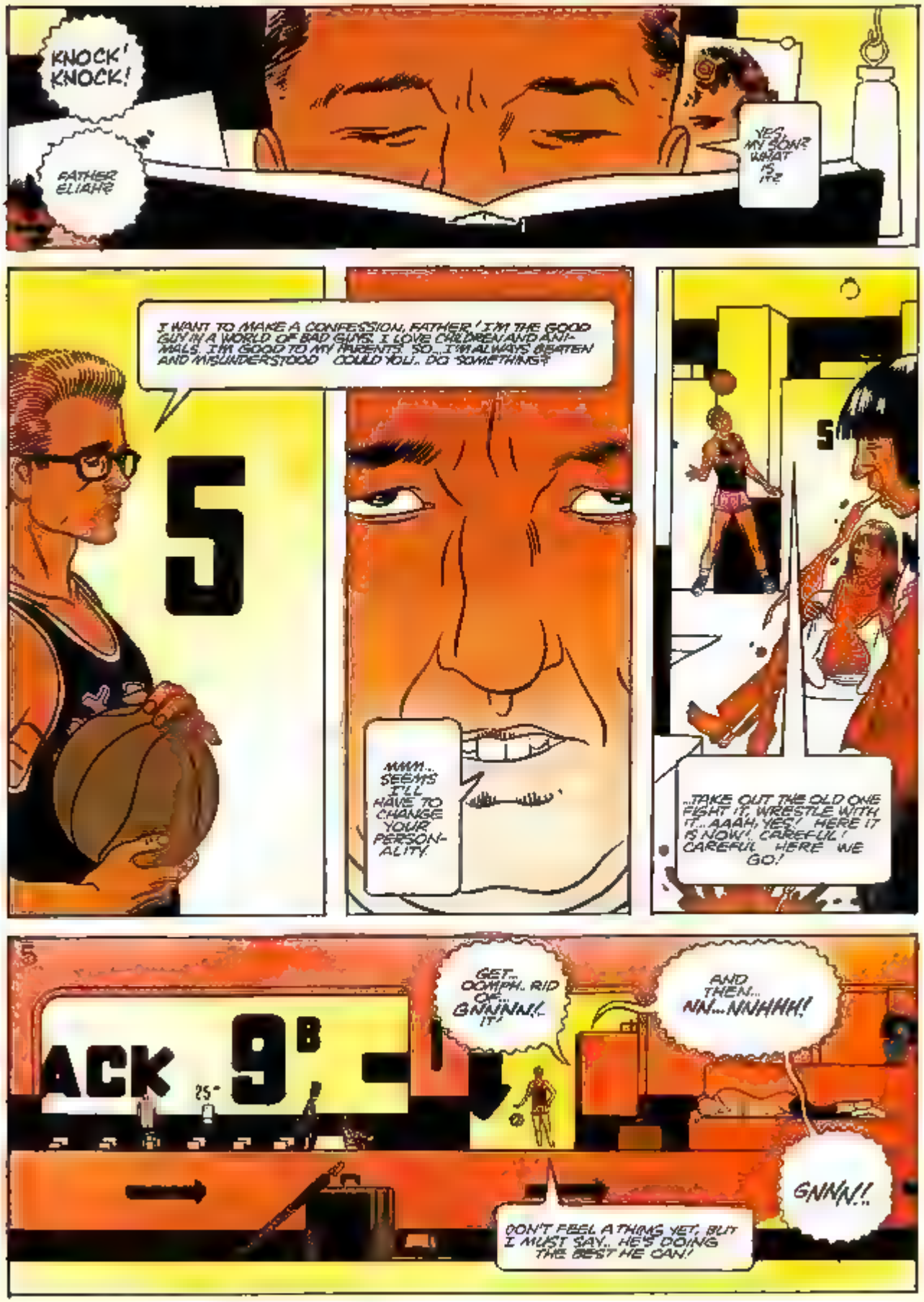
HELP ME! WHY? I LOVE TO BE RAPED!
THEN WHY DID YOU YELL FOR HELP?

THAT WAS JUST FOR THE SAKE OF APPEAR-ANCES!

I'M A NYMPHO-MANIAC! GET THAT?


3
SEEMS YOU GOT A PROBLEM, BUSTER!
I DO?

YES. YOU'RE A GOOD GUY! PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE IN A BAD, BAD WORLD.
AND THAT'S A PROB-LEM?
OF COURSE! I KNOW. I USED TO BE THE GOOD GUY MYSELF. LOOK-ING EVERYBODY STRAIGHT IN THE EYE. HELPING OLD LADIES AND CHILDREN. AND ALWAYS BEING BEATEN BLACK AND BLUE ALL OVER.
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. HOW DID YOU GET OVER YOUR UH PROBLEM?
FATHER ELIAH HELPED ME OUT.
WHO?
FATHER ELIAH! JUST GO TO HIS CONFES-SIONAL OVER THERE AND HE'LL HELP YOU OUT, TOO!
YOU'RE SURE HE CAN DEAL WITH ANY PROBLEM?
YES! FATHER ELIAH'S METHOD IS UNIQUE IN THIS WORLD.
25 CTS


KNOCK' KNOCK!
FATHER ELIAHS
YES, MY SON? WHAT IS IT?
I WANT TO MAKE A CONFESSION, FATHER. I'M THE GOOD GUY IN A WORLD OF BAD GUYS. I LOVE CHILDREN AND ANIMALS. I'M GOOD TO MY PARENTS. SO... I'M ALWAYS BEATEN AND MISUNDERSTOOD. COULD YOU... DO SOMETHING?
5
MMM... SEEMS I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE YOUR PERSONALITY.
5
...TAKE OUT THE OLD ONE. FIGHT IT. WRESTLE WITH IT... AAAH, YES! HERE IT IS NOW! CAREFUL! CAREFUL! HERE WE GO!
5
ACK 9B
25
GET... OOMPH. RID OF... GNNNN!.. IT!
AND THEN... NN... NNHHH!
GNNN!!
DON'T FEEL A THING YET, BUT I MUST SAY... HE'S DOING THE BEST HE CAN!

..NNNGAAAAAA..!
SPLASH!
AAAHH A GREAT RELIEF! DOWN THE DRAIN GOES THE OLD PERSON-ALITY!
AND HOW ARE YOU FEELING NOW MY BOY!
THE METHOD
MEAN! VERY MEAN!
A'
EXCELLENT! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE DONATION?
WITH PLEASURE!
U
AAAGH!

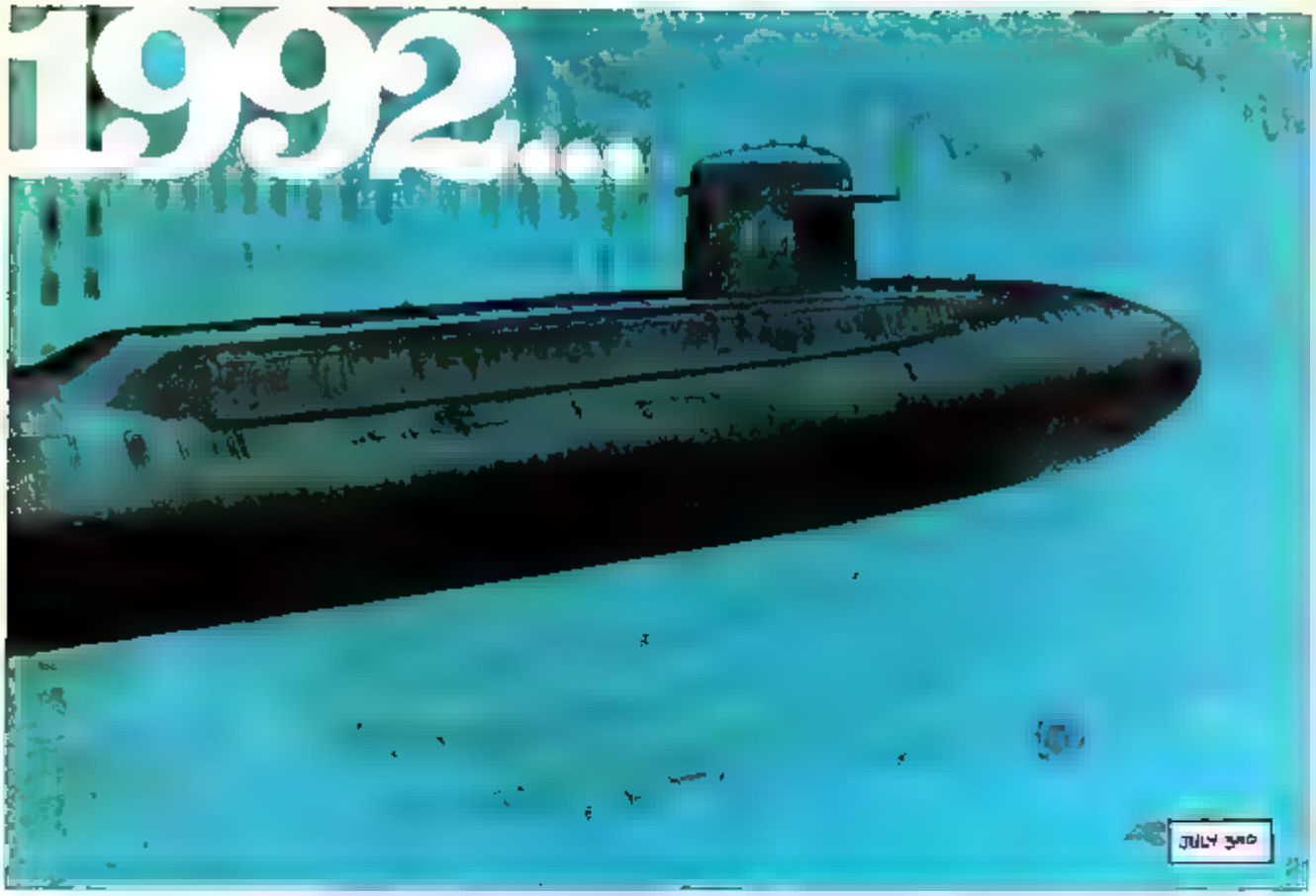
HAH! I FEEL BAD AND THAT FEELS GOOD
UMPF! A FEW MORE CASES LIKE THIS AND I'LL BE CANONIZED!
HELP! HELP!
ANOTHER ASSAULT! MY LUCKY DAY!
BEAT IT YOU TWO!
LEAVE TO THIS SAILOR BOY! I'LL HANDLE THE WISE GUY
OH NO. YOU WON'T
AAH!
OUCH!
NOT WILL YOU!

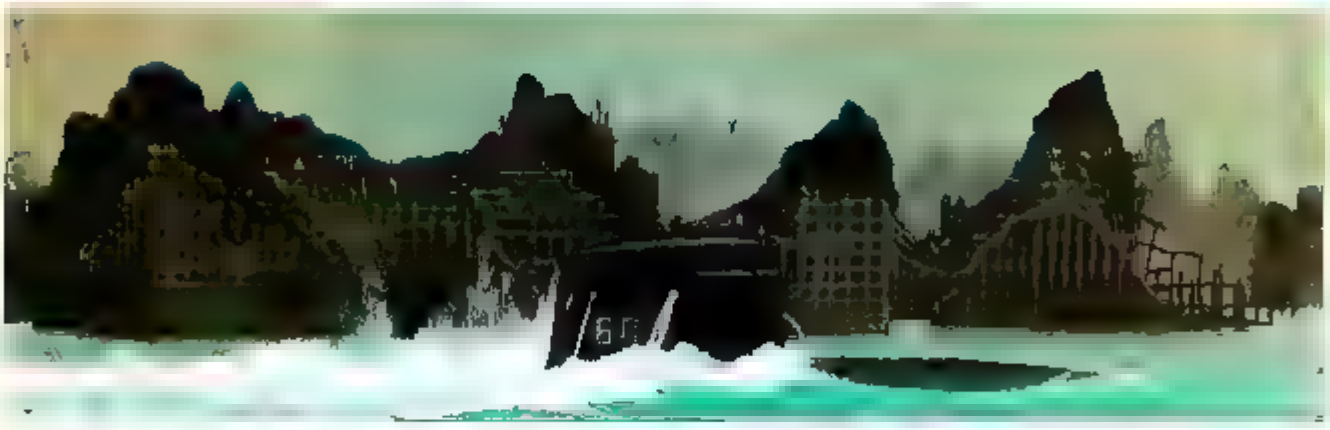
THANKS VERY MUCH, SIR
DON'T MENTION IT
THEY WERE JUST IN THE WAY! I WANT TO HAVE YOU FOR MYSELF!
?
KISS YOU, HUG YOU, RAPE YOU AFTER ALL I'M A BAD BOY NOW!
N NO!
AAH! THIS FEELS GOOD! AAAH, AAAH
HOW HUMILIATING SOB
AAAAH. NEVER FELT SO SATISFIED
I THINK I LOVE YOU!

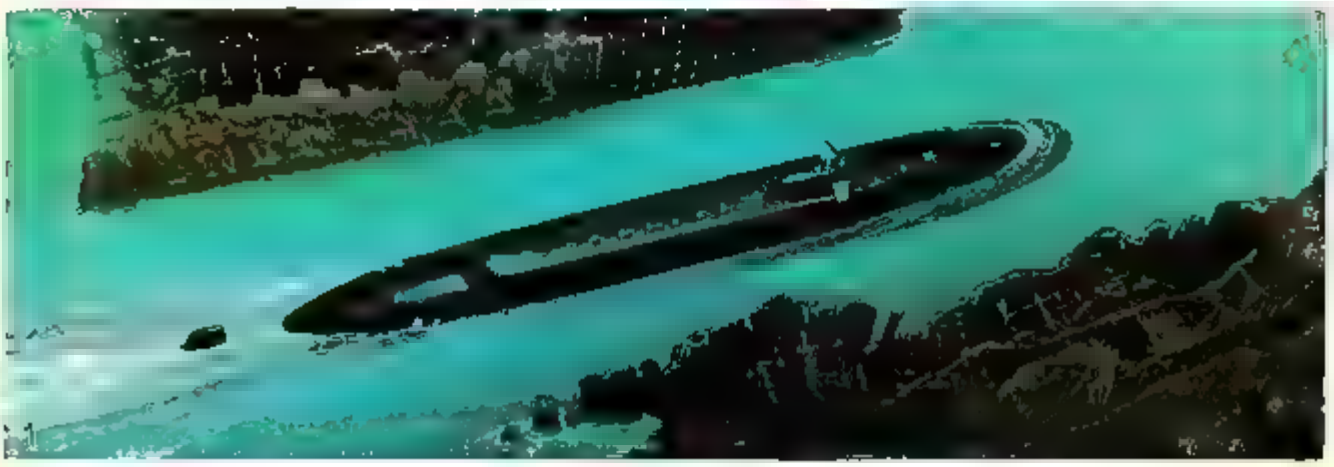
IN THAT CASE, I'VE GOT A SUR-PRISE I'M A WOMAN!
DOESN'T MATTER! MAKES ME LOVE YOU EVEN MORE!
PER-VERT!
A PERVERT MAYBE A SUCKER ABSOLUTELY.
I FALL IN LOVE WITH THE FIRST BOY I RAPE-- WHO TURNS OUT TO BE A WOMAN- WHO YELLS AT ME AND BEATS ME LIKE WOMEN USED TO DO IN THE OLD DAYS.
THAT METHOD DIDN'T DO ME ANY GOOD THINK I'M GONNA RIDE ONE OF THEM CARS IT'LL PUT MY MIND AT EASE
93
23
9

WHERE'S THE GUN?
8
OVER THERE! IN THAT CAR THE FELLOW IN THE RED JACKET!
WE'LL GET 'IM AS SOON AS HE GETS OUT!
THE BITCH! SHE WARNED THE COPS! I'LL NEVER LET THEM CATCH ME!
HERE WE GO! HAHAHAHAHA!
THE CAR'S SPEEDING UP! HE'S CRAZY! HE'S GONNA KILL HIMSELF!
OOH! I DIDN'T WANT THIS!
9
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HA HAHA
THIS IS THE REAL THING!
JIMMY! LOOK OUT! THE ROAD IN FRONT OF YOU! WAKE UP, JIMMY!.. WAKE UP!
HIGHWAY 466
SALINAS
NO! I DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP! I WANT TO SLEEP! I WANT TO SLEEP FOREVER!
10

JUNE 2050
CELEBRATION!
HE ACCEPTED
AS IT DID NOT MIND
FINALLY YOU ARE
DAY THE GENERATORS
FINALLY FADED AND THE
THE DARK AND DEADLY
COLD
WRITTEN BY
LON ROSEN
ILLUSTRATED BY
TOM AVERY


1992...
JULY 3RD





NO ANSWER YET?
NEGATIVE SIR
THERE'S NO ANSWER. WE ARE ALONE
WE'VE LOOKED FOR MONTHS FOR SOMEONE ANY-ONE AND NOW... WE'RE THE ONLY SURVIVORS!

WE'RE THE LAST ONES!
OH, GOD
ATTENTION! I CAN DETECT SOMETHING AT TWENTY DEGREES ON THE PORT SIDE
IT LOOKS LIKE A SUBMARINE SIGNAL!
HERE IT IS. AT A DISTANCE OF TWENTY-SIX MILES
THEY DON'T ANSWER OUR CODE
RAPID IMMERSION! CONNECT THE AUTOMATIC INTERCEPTING SYSTEM!
TORPEDO CHAMBERS GET READY!
3
801

HERE IT IS
NO SIGN OF LIFE!
LET'S GET CLOSER FOR VISUAL CONTACT! AHEAD AT A SPEED OF THIRTY KNOTS!
PERISCOPE!
THERE IT IS! RUSSIAN "Y" CLASS. IT HAS ALL ITS HATCHES OPEN.. MUST BE ADRIFT.
TO THE SURFACE! STICK TO ITS PORT SIDE!
LIEUTENANT YOU AND YOUR FOUR MEN GET READY TO BOARD HER

601

GET READY

ЧХОЛИТЕ ЧХОЛИТЕ!

THIS MAN IS DYING, SIR
ЭТО РЯДОВОЙ
ЭТО РЯДОВОЙ ВЕРЕЗ 20 МИНУТ
IT'S USE LESS HE'S DEAD
MAJOR! THIS IS A FLOATING TOMB! WE FOUND A DYING RUSSIAN BEFORE HE DIED, HE SAID SOMETHING WE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, BUT IT'S RECORDED.
OKAY COME BACK

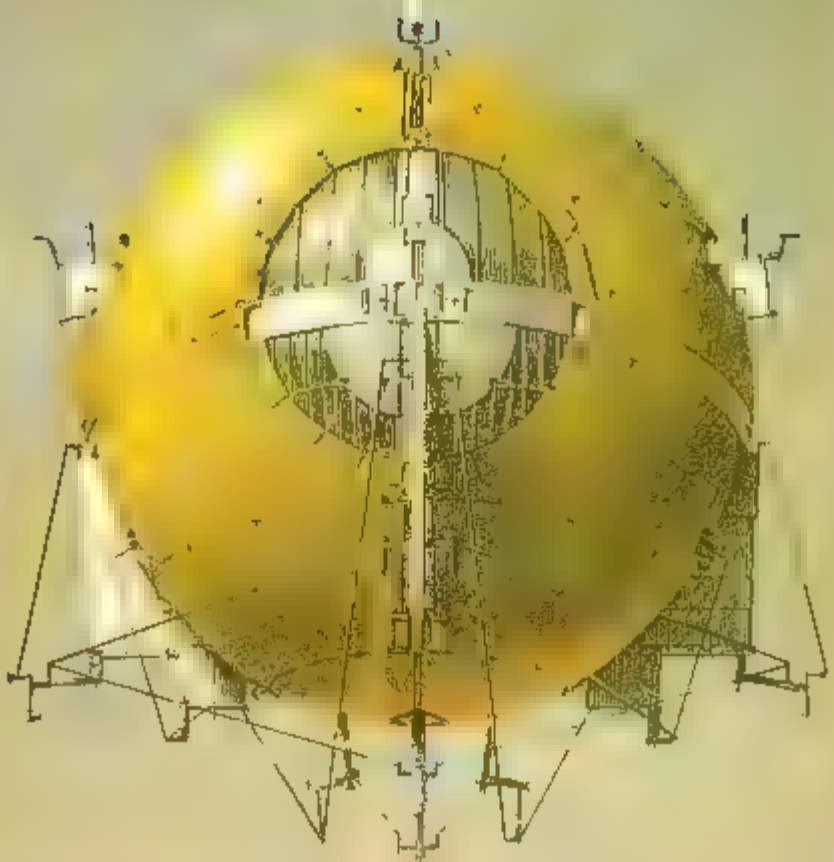
LIEUTENANT, BRING UP THE TAPE. WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED HERE WE'LL LISTEN TO IT.
HERE IT IS, SIR.
PUT IT IN THE TRANSLATOR WE'LL SEE WHAT THE POOR DEVIL HAD TO SAY.
GO AWAY.. GO AWAY.. THIS SHIP WILL SELF DESTRUCT IN TWENTY MINUTES! GO AWAY.
BOUM!
ACRATACTAOUNI

END

HELP WANTED
HI. I'M HERE FOR THAT POSITION
AH. YES! DO COME IN
PHEW! THIS PLACE SMELLS LIKE A... UH THAT IS
LIKE A (HEH) MONKEY HOUSE?
UH YEAH!
YOUNG MAN, ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH THAT OLD THOUGHT, "IF ENOUGH MONKEYS WORKED AT TYPEWRITERS LONG ENOUGH THEY COULD WRITE THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE"?
NO
OH
WELL YOUNG MAN, I'M A SCIENTIST. IT HAS BEEN MY LIFE'S WORK TO PROVE THIS THEORY. IN FACT IT HAS BEEN MY DESTINY!
YEAH?
YEAH—THAT IS, YES! AND I NEED SOMEONE TO CONTINUE MY WORK, IN CASE I..
DIE?
YEAH
HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU
CLACKETY CLACKETY
WOW!
CLACKETY CLACK
IT'S NOT VERY DIFFICULT WORK, REALLY. ALL YOU'VE TO DO IS MAKE SURE THE MONKEYS DON'T DAWDLE...
SELMA! GIT! AND TYPE!
OOK!
GRA-SCH!
CHECK THE FINISHED SHEETS. LIKE THIS ONE: "RWZQLM ZT YAQ EQW..."
—I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
WOW! THAT BLOODY WELL COMES CLOSE TO A LINE FROM "HAMLET"!
IT DOES?
OH, JOY! THESE EXCITING MOMENTS COME ALL TOO RARELY. BUT THANK GOD THEY DO COME!
YOU'RE TO MAINTAIN THE TYPEWRITERS. SOME ARE QUITE OLD YOU SEE
TERMITE HAS THE ONLY ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER AND THE OTHER MONKEYS ARE RATHER JEALOUS OF HER
HOW LONG DO YA THINK IT'LL TAKE FOR THE MONKEYS TO FINISH SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS?
OH PERHAPS A FEW MORE DAYS
THE LAWS OF PROBABILITY DO STATE, HOWEVER, THAT TO COME UP WITH JUST "TO BE OR NOT TO BE," ONE WOULD NEED A TRILLION MONKEYS WORKING FULL-TIME FOR MORE THAN A TRILLION TIMES AS LONG AS THE UNIVERSE'S EXISTENCE
A T-TRILLION...
BUT BECAUSE OUR MONKEYS HAVE TO SLEEP WE'D NEED TWICE THAT TIME, OF COURSE
BUT WE CAN'T STOP THERE! THE GOAL IS TO PRODUCE ALL OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS, NOT JUST A SENTENCE! SO OUR WORK SHOULD TAKE A LITTLE LONGER
BUT NOBODY CAN LIVE THAT LONG
PRECISELY! THAT'S WHY ONE MUST SEEK A REPLACEMENT AT THE END OF ONE'S YEARS KEEP THE CYCLE MOVING, YOU SEE, UNTIL THE GOAL IS REALIZED!
YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE MONEY IN ORDER TO BUY AND FEED NEW MONKEYS AND TYPEWRITERS TO TOTAL A TRILLION. PLUS I'VE ONLY BEEN ABLE TO AFFORD 387 SO FAR
WHAT? I HAVE TO EARN A LIVING TOO??
YOU MUST BE OUTA YOUR MIND! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
BUT THINK YOUNG MAN! THE FAME—THE GLORY ASSOCIATED WITH A DISCOVERY
WHY IF YOU PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT YOU MAY EVEN BE LISTED IN "THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS"
OOHN! MY HEART
OLD MAN!
PSST! HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR THAT MONKEY?

The Sentinel

by Arthur C. Clarke
Illustrated by Lebbeus Woods



The Sentinel, by Arthur C. Clarke. Illustrated by Lebbeus Woods is a Byron Preiss Visual Publications Book, published by Berkley Books. It is the first in a series of masterworks of science fiction and fantasy

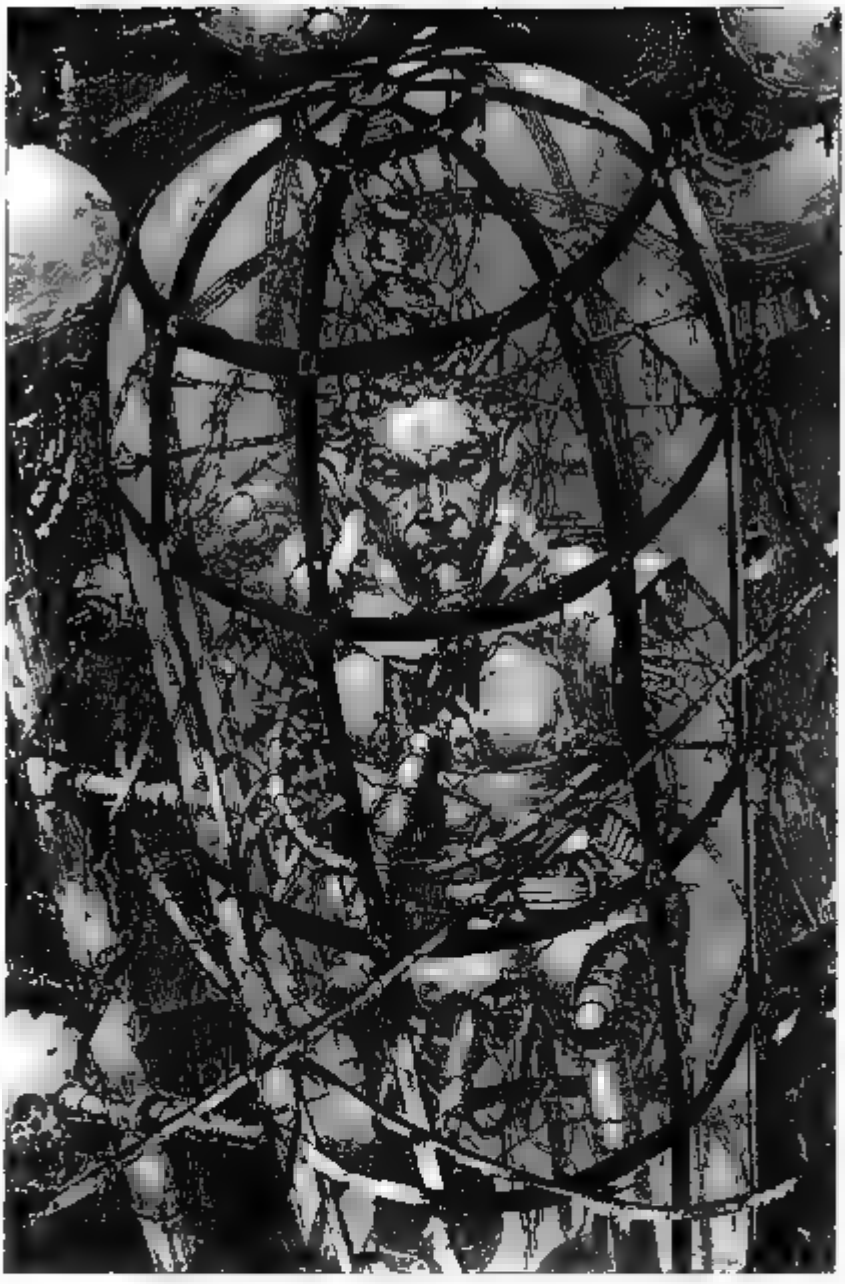
Refugee

It was written in 1954, and I cannot pretend that no resemblance was intended to any living character. Indeed, I have since met the prototype of "Prince Henry" on three occasions, and on the last—here in Colombo, only a few months ago—we had a conversation uncannily appropriate to this story.

Our first meeting, I mentioned, had been at an exhibition circa 1958 optimistically called "Britain Enters The Space Age." His Royal Highness laughed and answered wryly: "We never did, did we?"

Not quite true, of course, since there are many British satellites in orbit, and there will soon be a few Britons (courtesy the U.S. Space Shuttle) as well. But that isn't exactly what I had in mind.

Well, Sir Isaac Newton invented gravity. Perhaps one day we British may be lucky enough to disinvent it.



Medusa

A Meeting with Medusa" was the last story I ever wrote, before concentrating entirely on novels. It won a *Playboy* editorial award and the Science Fiction Writers of America's annual Nebula, so I am proud to have made it my swan song for the present, at any rate

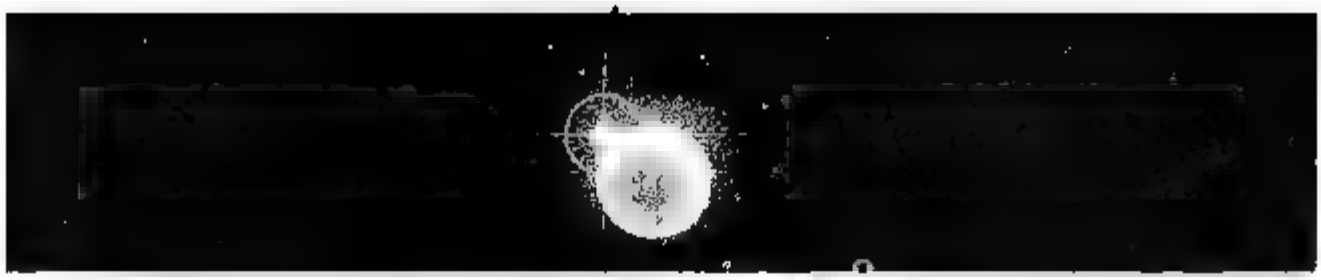
And here's a very strange coincidence. Until I started to write this note, I'd completely forgotten that I used the name "Kon-Tiki" for the exploring vehicle. And so I was able to autograph a copy of "Medusa" for Thor Heyerdahl— when I met him this morning, right here in Colombo

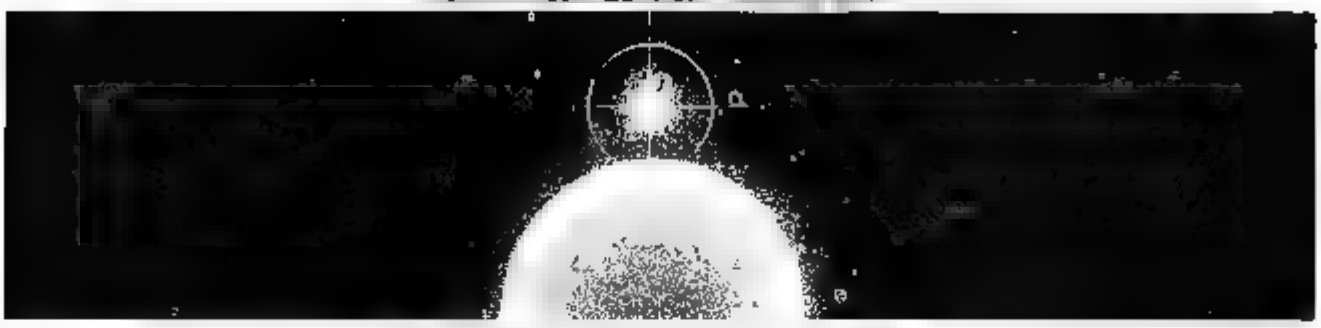
The Sentinel

Next to "The Star" and "The Nine Billion Names of God," I suppose "The Sentinel" is my best known short story—though not for itself, but as the seed from which *2001: A Space Odyssey* sprang, twenty years after it was written in 1948. I wonder if I even noticed Christmas that year. Opus 62 bears the date 23–26 December.

Unlike most of my short stories, this one was aimed at a specific target—which it missed completely. The BBC had just announced a Short Story Competition; I submitted "The Sentinel" hot from the typewriter, and got it back a month later.

I am continually annoyed by careless references to "The Sentinel" as "the story on which *2001* is based"—it bears about as much relation to the movie as an acorn to the resultant full grown oak. (Considerably less, in fact, because ideas from several other stories were also incorporated.) Even the elements that Stanley Kubrick and I *did* actually use were considerably modified. Thus the "glittering, roughly pyramidal structure . . . set in the rock like a gigantic many faceted jewel" became—after several modifications—the famous black monolith. And the locale was moved from the Mare Crisium to the most spectacular of all lunar craters, Tycho—easily visible to the naked eye from Earth at Full Moon.





HERE IS THE PLACE WHERE YOU'LL COME
WITH ITS DENSE LIGHT, ITS CRAP, ITS SOURCE

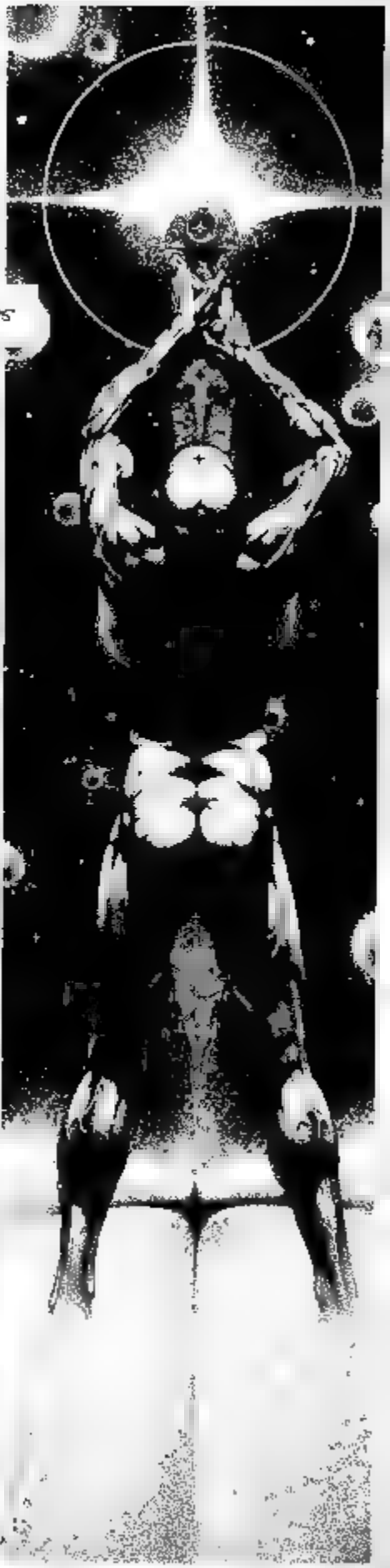
YOU WILL COME TO DECIPHER THE SLOW
ENOUGHS, ABSTRACT FORMS, PLURAL DESTINIES
TO ACCOMPLISH STELLAR DESIRES. YOU WILL COME
JUST WAIT. YOU WILL COME.

BIRD DUST

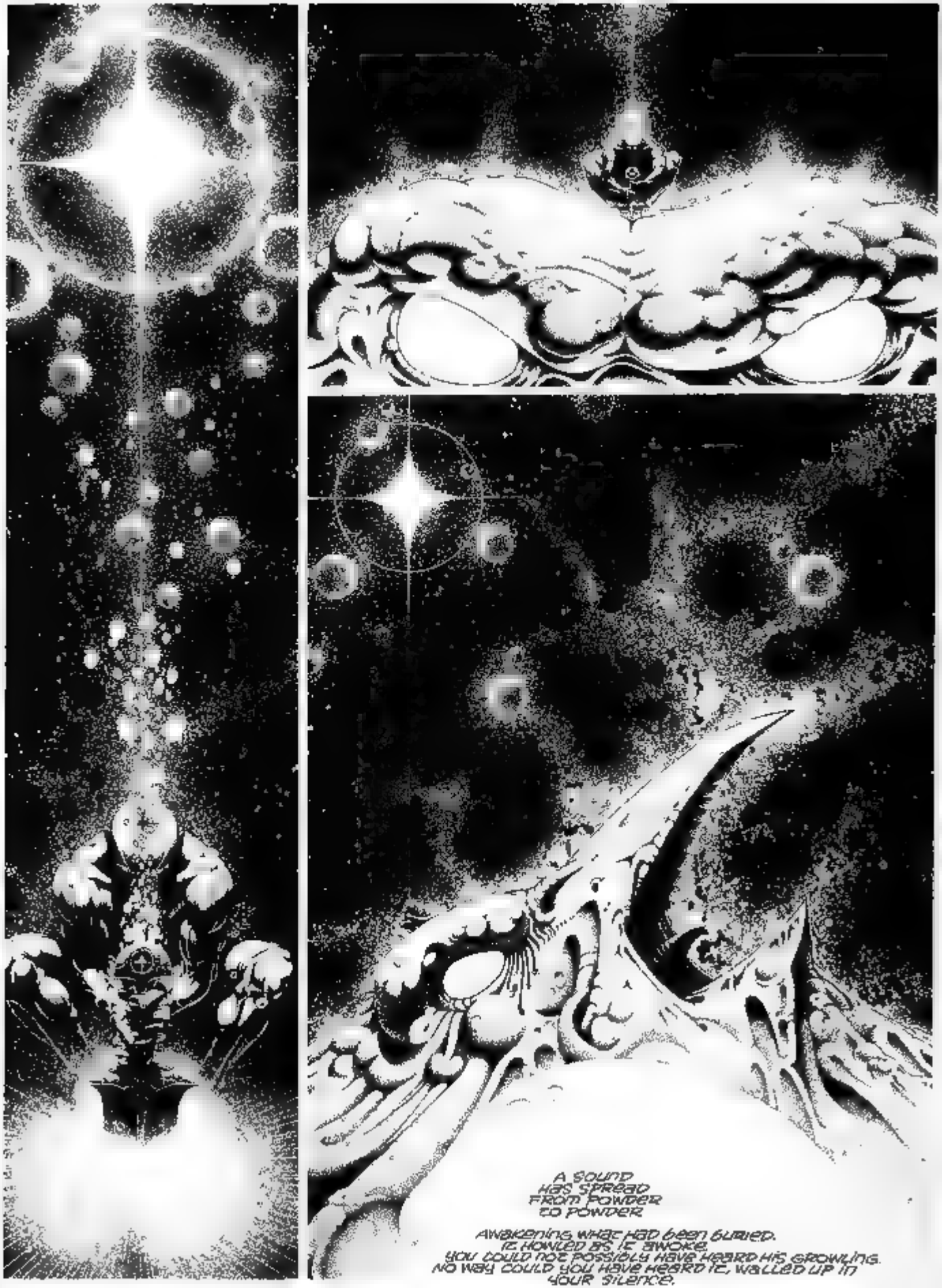
CAZA

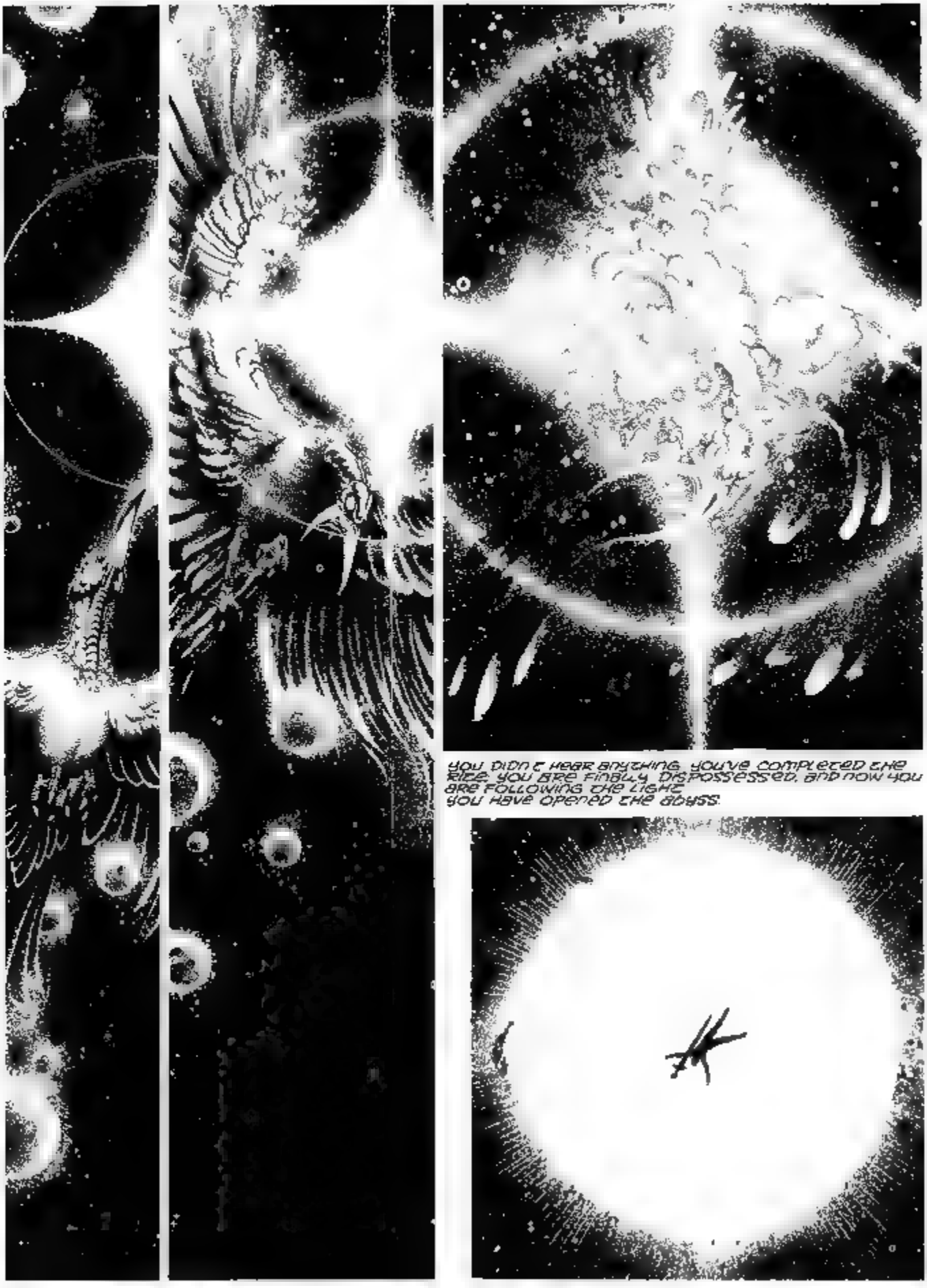
COME NOW! A STAR IS CALLING YOU!

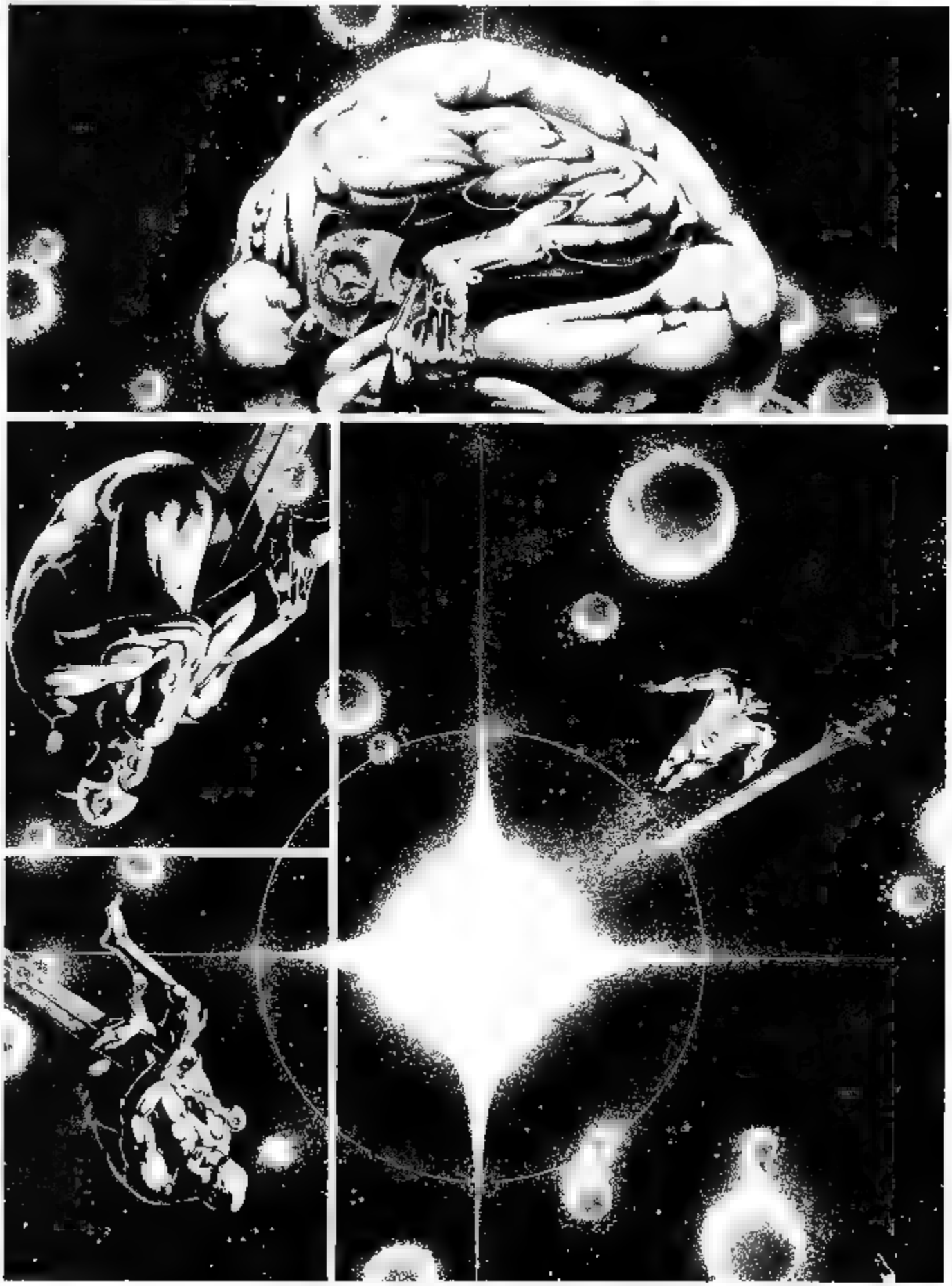
THE SILENCE, WHICH SEEKS TO RENDER YOUR THOUGHTS HELPLESS, SOOTHES YOU. EACH ONE OF YOUR STEPS, EN-SLAVES ITSELF IN A WHITE AGONY. IT IS A DISLOCATION OF TIME WHICH HAS NO TRACE. DESPITE THE CENTURIES THAT HINDER YOUR GAIT, YOU KEEP ON WALKING. AND THE WEIGHT YOU DRAG BLINDLY TOWARDS THE POWER OF LIGHT, ONLY HINDERS YOUR OVER-WEAKENING PACE.



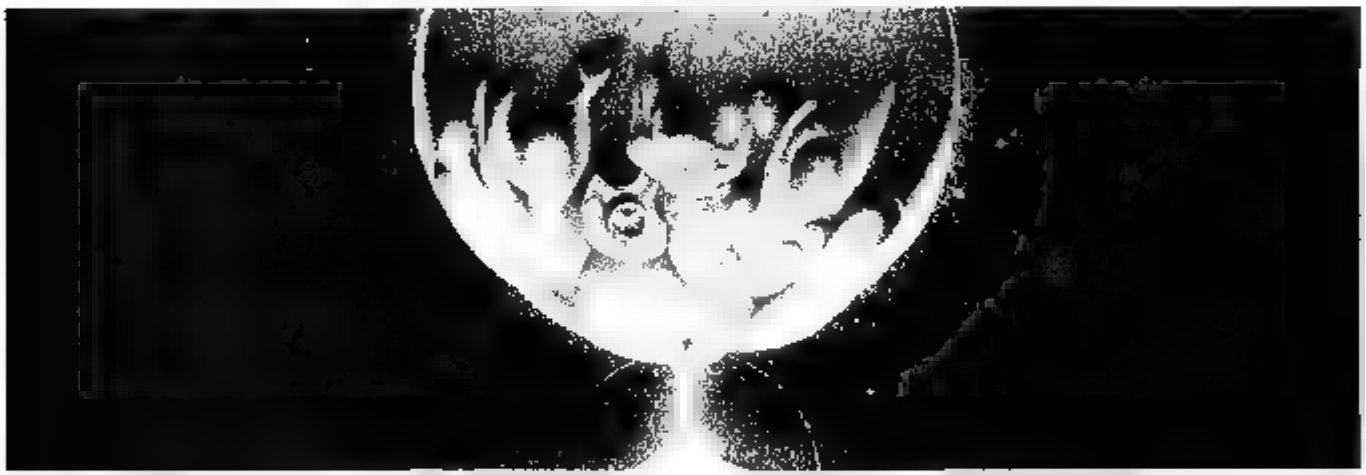
HERE FINALLY BEGINS THAT WHICH STOPS


A SOUND
HAS SPREAD
FROM POWDER
TO POWDER
AWAKENING WHAT HAD BEEN BURIED.
IT HOWLED AS IT AWOKE.
YOU COULD NOT POSSIBLY HAVE HEARD HIS GROWLING.
NO WAY COULD YOU HAVE HEARD IT, WALLED UP IN
YOUR SILENCE.

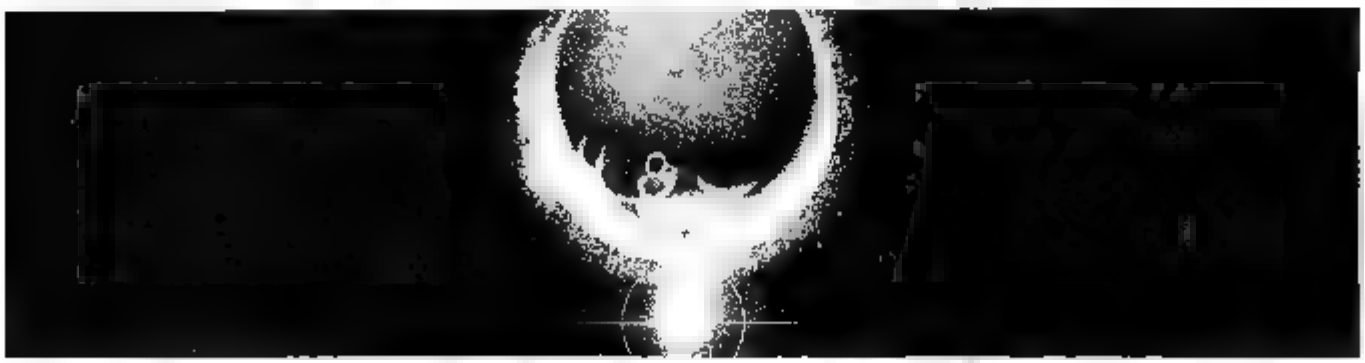

YOU DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING. YOU'VE COMPLETED THE RITE. YOU ARE FINALLY DISPOSSESSED, AND NOW YOU ARE FOLLOWING THE LIGHT.
YOU HAVE OPENED THE ABYSS.



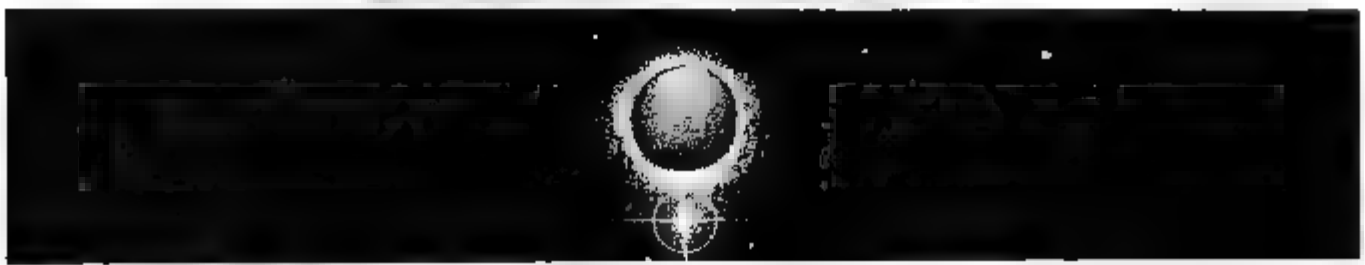
YOU WERE COMING TO DECIPHER THE EXTINGUISHED MIRACLES, THE ABSTRACT RITES. ALL IN ORDER TO FIGURE OUT TIME.
YOU CAME TO APPEASE THE STELLAR DESIRES.



HERE'S THE PLACE FROM WHENCE YOU CAME [illegible] FOR



[illegible] THAT PLACE FROM WHENCE YOU [illegible]



STORY BAZZOLI ART AZA

I'M AGE

I WASH MY HANDS BEFORE I SCRATCH MY LIPS. IF I FORGET, I WASH MY LIPS.
THAT'S BECAUSE I'M A GERM WATCHER.

THERE AREN'T MANY OF US LEFT, IT'S A DYING PROFESSION.

ON SUNNY DAYS I STICK OUT MY TONGUE TO HEAR THE GERMS SCREAM AT THE LIGHT
I NEVER DO FLOOR EXERCISES.

BUT I DON'T ALWAYS THINK ABOUT GERMS. SOMETIMES I THINK ABOUT OTHER THINGS.

LIKE, HOW APPLESEEDS CAN GET STUCK IN MY APPENDIX.

THE HEAVY METAL BOOKSHELF

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Cover price—$6.95
Special now—$3.50!
Art and text by Lob and Richard. The brave Ulysses puts his strength against gods and goddesses as he travels across the universe

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Conquering Armies_____copies at $2.50 each
The Book of Alien_____copies at $3.95 each
More Than Human_____copies at $3.95 each
Alien: The Illustrated Story_____copies at $1.95 each
Barbarella the Moon Child_____copies at $2.95 each
Moebius_____copies at $1.95 each
The Swords of Heaven, the Flowers of Hell_____copies at $3.50 each
Lone Sloane-Delirius_____copies at $4.95 each

Total amount enclosed: $_____

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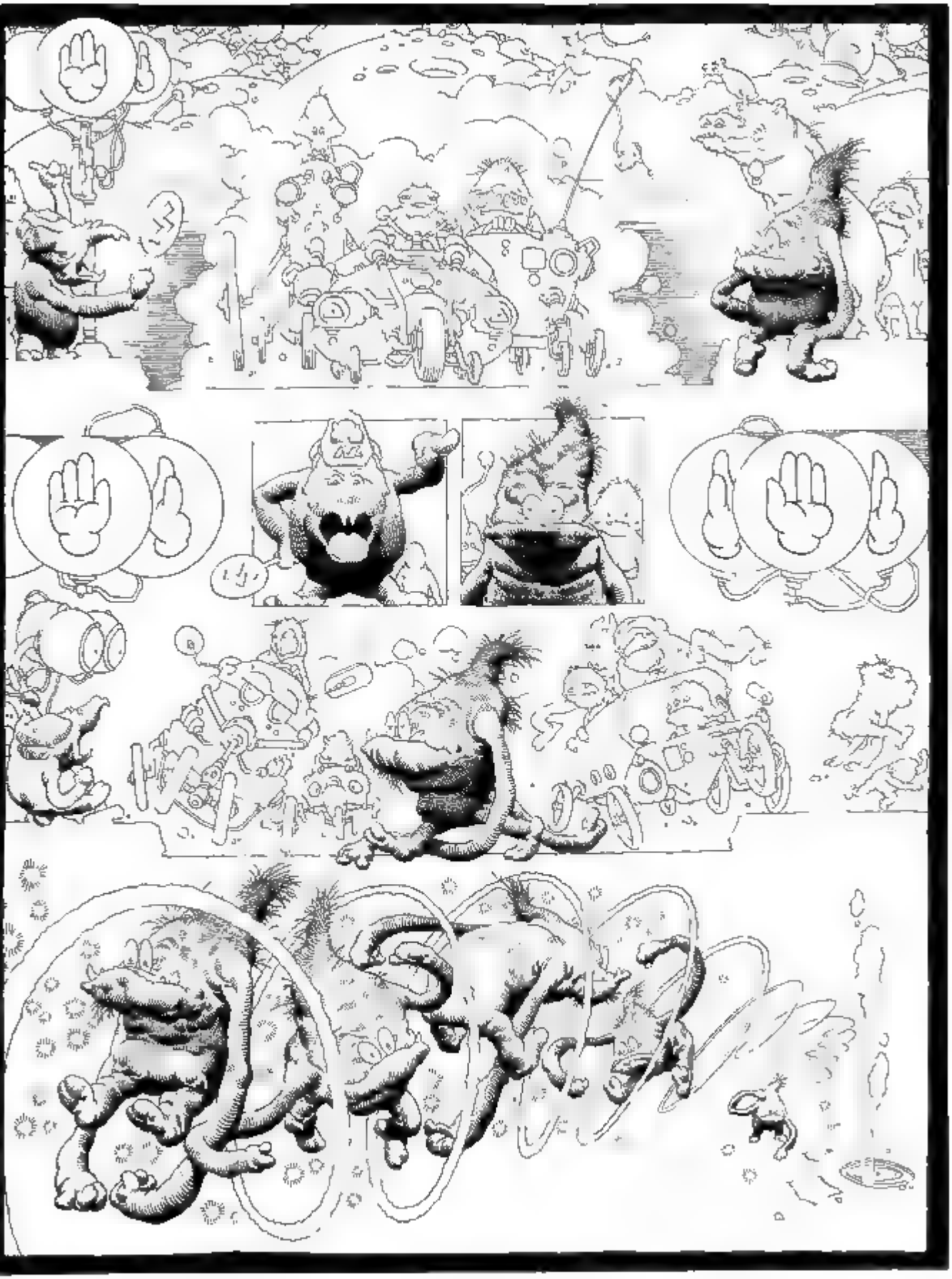
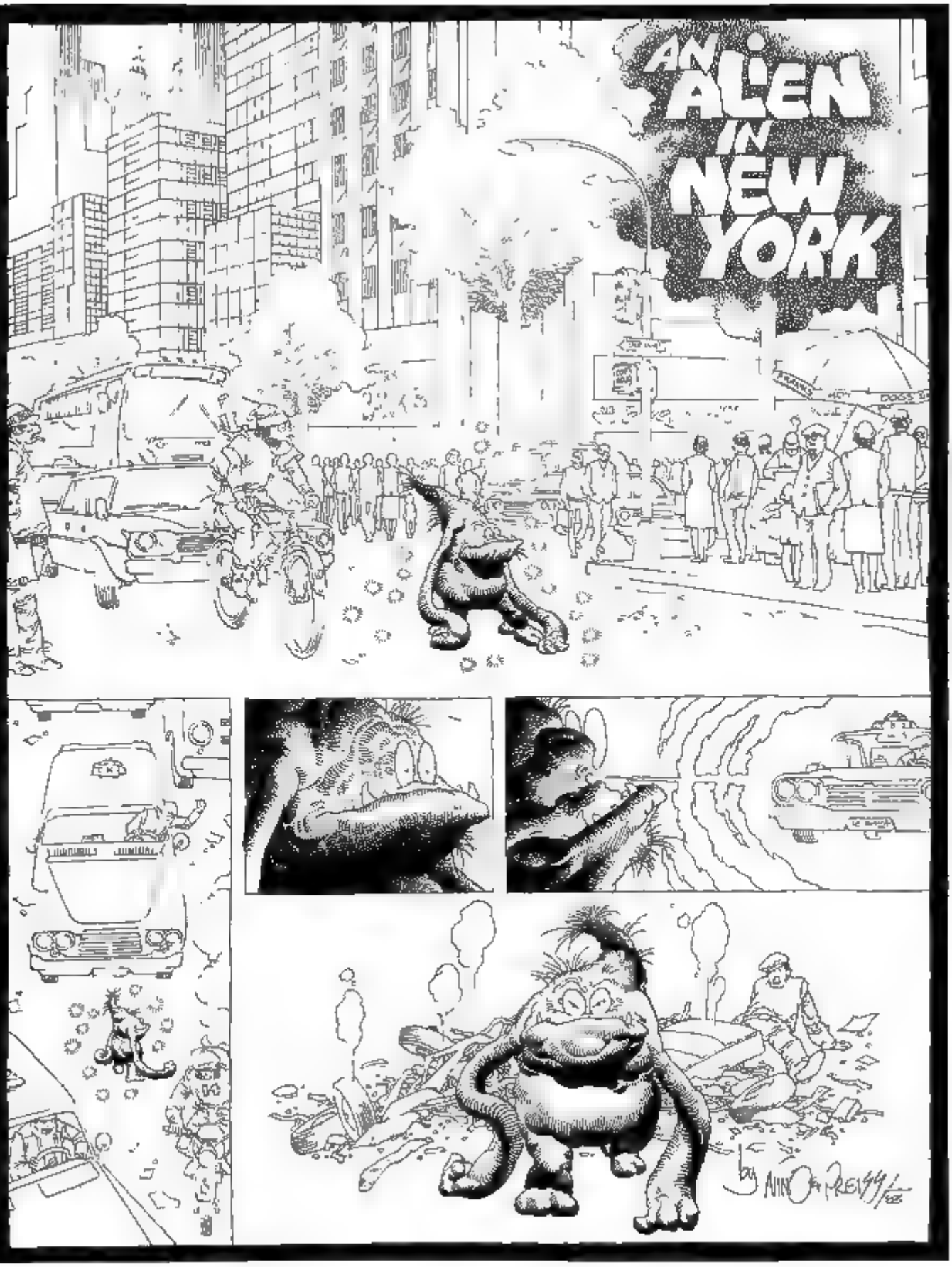
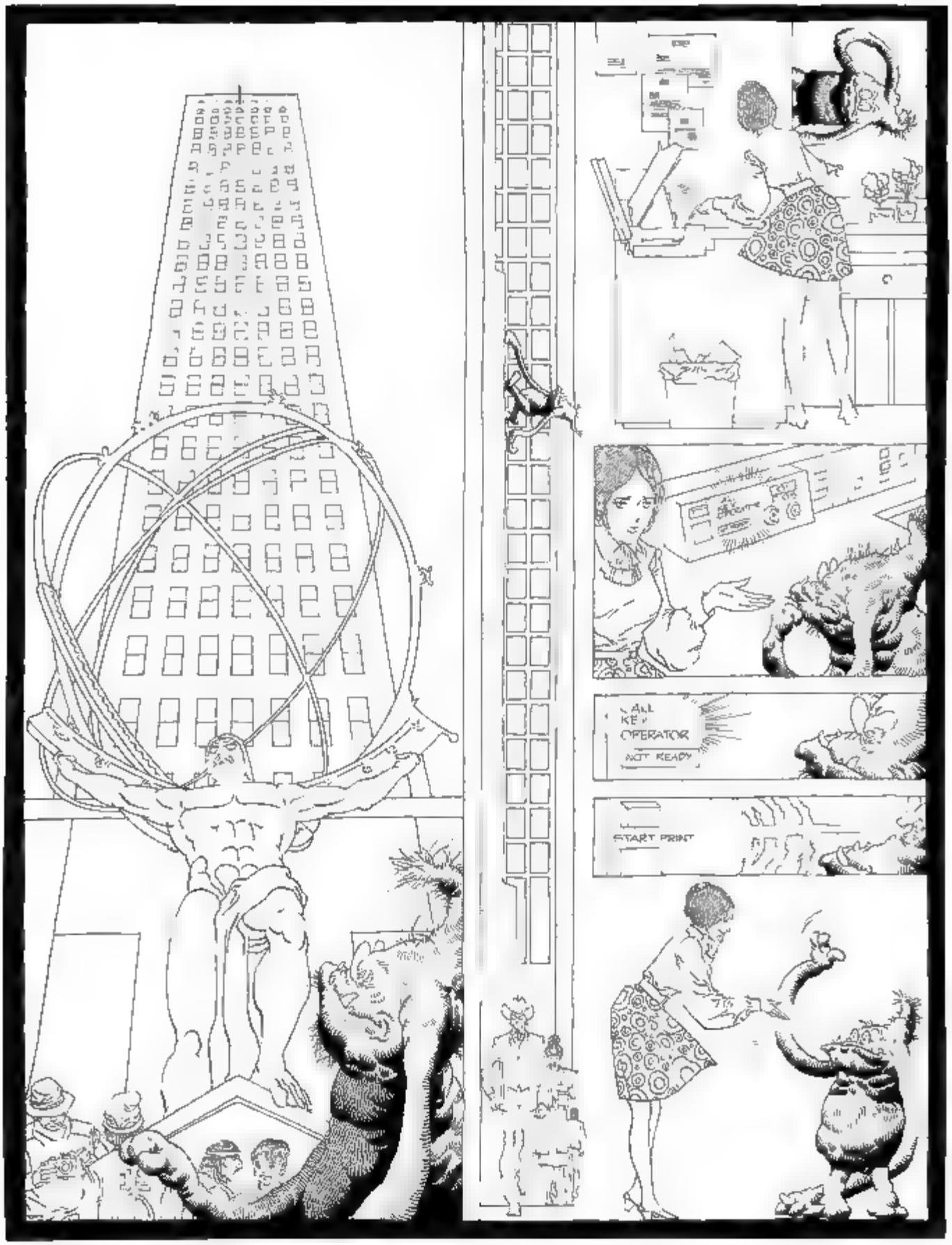
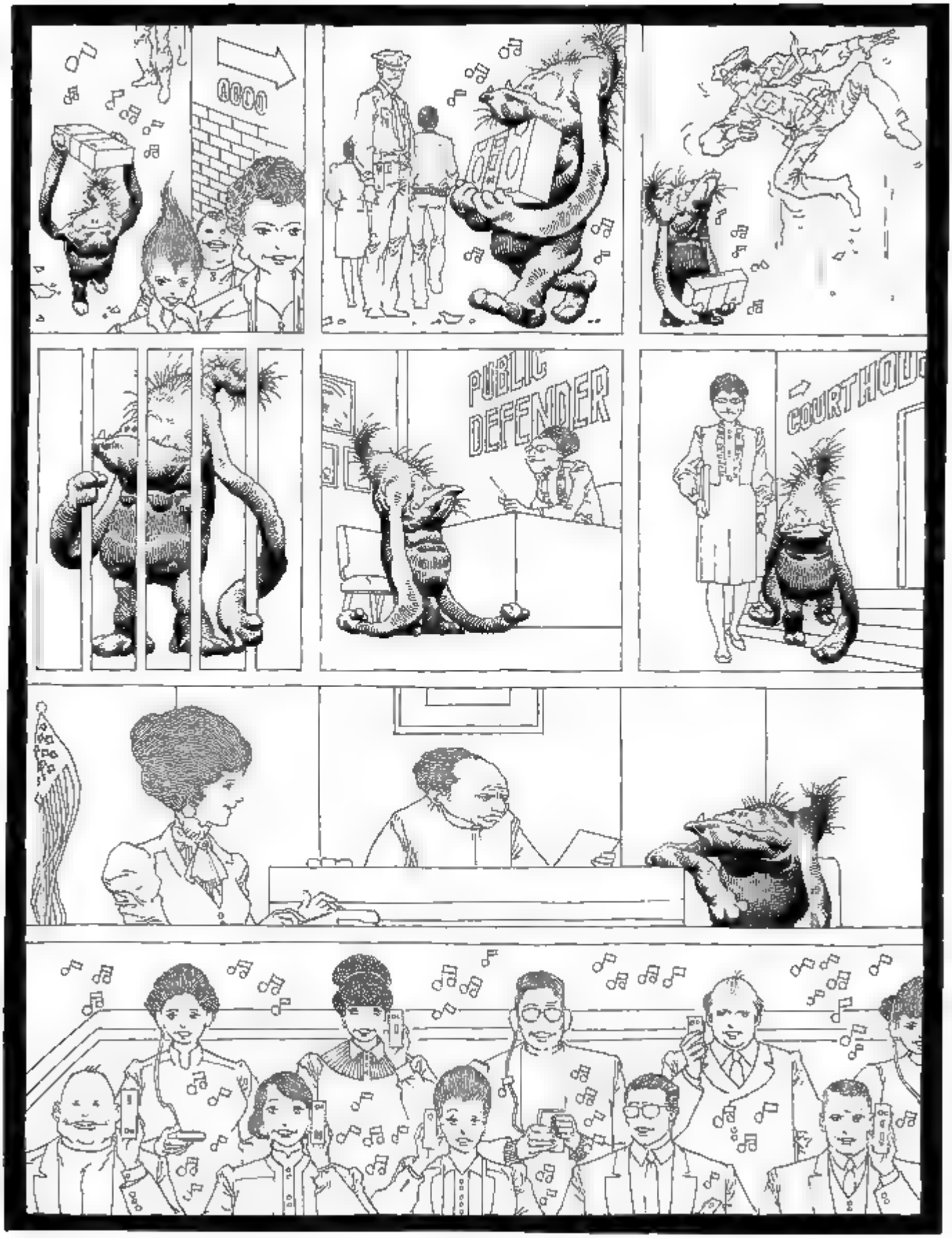
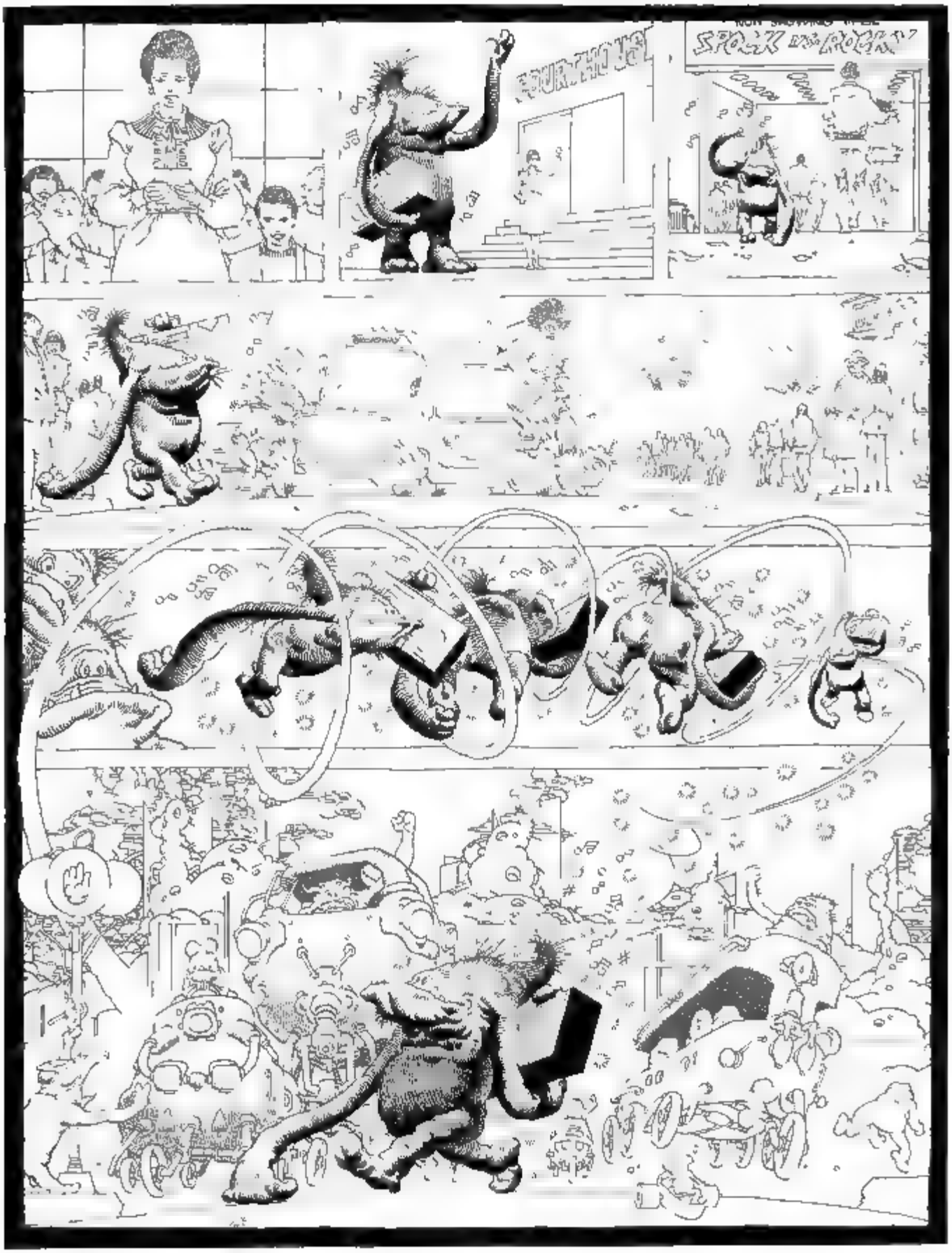



AN ALIEN IN NEW YORK


ALL
KE
OPERATOR
NOT READY
START PRINT

34TH STREET
THIS IS YOUR SUBWAY
PLEASE
KEEP IT
CLEAN
FARE
FARE


PUBLIC DEFENDER
COURTHOU



CHAIN MAIL

This month's "Chain Mail" is made up of letters sent to us in reference to the review, "Hatcheting Harlan" [October 1983 HM]. As you will see, opinions are pretty much divided, and this section is intended to show the reader reaction and not to feed the egos of anyone concerned.

Editorial comments were intentionally withheld from the column in hopes of presenting an unprejudiced view.

JSL

Editor:

The late film producer, Jerry Wald, once told me that on his first visit to Paris he managed to get a meeting with Pablo Picasso. After some conversation about Hollywood and cinema, Wald asked Picasso what he was working on now. "Would you believe it?" Jerry told me. "This genius, in his seventies, secure as one of the greats of all time, said, 'I'm looking for a new style.' "

I've deep admiration for the rare artist who creates a new style, a new sound, a new vision. That's the hallmark of a first-rate talent and I was surprised to read that in Harlan Ellison's case, Mr. Gus Patukas has turned the hallmark into stigma. And I was amused because the barbs Mr. Patukas shot at Ellison, might equally have applied to *Heavy Metal* which has also created a new sound and continued it.

High style, which both *Heavy Metal* and Ellison have, must not be confused with repetition, nor Ellison's fascinating extrapolations of our subcultures be condemned as "dated." It isn't the material, it's the handling that counts. I quote a great biologist who was asked what discovery was. He said, "Discovery is seeing what everyone else sees but thinking what no one else has thought."

Isn't that what Harlan Ellison has done? And now that his terrifying (to civilians) brilliance is beginning to mature he might well reply to the final question in Mr. Patukas's hatchet job, "And more to the point, does Harlan Ellison have any life left?" with a rewrite of John Paul Jones's famous line: "Turkey! I have not yet begun to create."

Alfred Bester
Bucks County, PA

Dear Sirs/Mmes:

Please acknowledge your reviewer Gus Patukas for his understanding of the true Harlan Ellison. This is the first time I have felt someone else has seen into and thru the bigot of our time.

Ellison's real message is beware of Ellison. He is the example of life without compassion and honesty. If one would want a true nightmare to come to life, it would be Ellison with the power to influence and subvert the meek and friends of mankind. He has said he was our friend and therefore had the right to speak for us, when actually by his own actions, has proved himself to be our enemy. I thank you for your thorough analysis of his writings and of his personality. I just hope he understands that he can no longer get away with bullshitting the public.

William Charles Rosetta
LA, CA

Dear Ms. Simmons-Lynch:

While Gus Patukas is entitled to his opinions as a reviewer, I really have to ask if the purpose of "Hatcheting Harlan" was to review Ellison's recently reissued books, or rather was this merely an excuse to vent personal animosities? Either way the piece shows poor editorial judgement both by "Dossier" editor Lou Stathis and yourself.

Didn't the hypocrisy of "Hatcheting Harlan" appearing in a magazine that has regularly printed Ellison's stories occur to you? Especially when most of the work you bought was written after Harlan had "faded from prominence in the mid-seventies after publishing a last stab at respectability—*The Deathbird Stories* (1975)"?

And how about your back issue ad on pages ninety and ninety-one. Was that the same Harlan Ellison who wrote the "ever timely essay on violence in America" from your March 1981 issue?

Hypocrisy notwithstanding, I'm sure you are aware that height is a genetic trait over which an individual has no choice. So why attack a person for being short? I don't think you'd run a photo of James Baldwin with the caption "No nigger jokes, please," but then I've overestimated your standards before.

Were I still a subscriber, I wouldn't be angrily cancelling my subscription over just the one article. It takes a longstanding commitment to mediocrity such as yours before I give up on a magazine. Then again, were I still a subscriber it would be because *Heavy Metal* were a much better publication, in which case I doubt "Hatcheting Harlan" would ever have appeared.

Richard Gilliam
Huntsville, AL

Dear Sirs/Mmes:

Let me congratulate Gus Patukas on a long-overdue drubbing of that fatuous, stilted, hollow-souled, micro-talented, hipper-than-thou, sermonizing bore Harlan Ellison. If ever there was a man raised above his station, it's that fool. He has one last option: he should go to Paris where his pseudo-radical ass-kissing will be considered state-of-the-art by all the other world-weary paranoids prowling its ragged streets.

Ned Wynn
LA, CA

Dear Editor:

No one can deny that Harlan Ellison is a tempting target for the critic's poisoned pen. His lifestyle is flamboyant and at times radical, which, of course, the readers of *Heavy Metal* should find shocking, right? But a responsible commentator should be able to stand above any ingrained personal hatred when a major magazine allows him the space to write about a major twentieth century author. With his article, "Hatcheting Harlan," Gus Patukas has created a work of critical nonsense. Why must an unknown writer like Patukas insist on stamping his feet and shrieking at the top of his voice against one of the very few writers who created a lasting body of work from the depths of science fiction's "New Wave" of the sixties and went on to even greater prominence in the field of established literature? "Does Ellison's ego really demand that even the weakest of his earlier works reappear in print?" asks Patukas. This is a good demonstration of his abject ignorance of the science fiction field. Quite a bit of Ellison's earliest work remains uncollected, *Doomsman* being a notorious example. The Ace/Ellison series is intended to be just that; a series. It provides an overview of the career (so far) of someone who might, with the perspective of history, be called the most important writer of our time. Thus Patukas's hatchet work doesn't bother me that much. It will be no more than an amusing item of marginalia in the future study of Ellison.

Curtis W. Phillips
Abingdon, VA

An anonymous reader sent us this newsletter, which purports to be from the Harlan Ellison Record Collection:

MEMBERS

For reasons that pass understanding, *Heavy Metal* magazine, a publication that has published Harlan's work on numerous occasions, is running this piece (*copy of "Hatcheting Harlan" accompanies this newsletter—ed.*) in its "Dossier" section of the current (October 1983) issue. It is, to say the least in its own words, a hatchet job. The byline is unfamiliar to any of us here at The Collection, and may be a phony: the writing and the sentiments, however, reflect the style and previously-expressed opinions of an ex-Clarion writing student of HE's, who has gone mad in print with jealousy of HE in much similar fashion, more than a few times. This guy has caused HE much trouble in the past, and spread considerable damaging gossip. The editor of the "Dossier" section, one Lou Stathis, is a close buddy of this guy. And Stathis has long held animus for HE. We send you this so you won't deluge us with cards and letters of outrage. HE knows about it and it brought him down so much he couldn't work for two days. Mostly because the editor of *Heavy Metal*, Julie Simmons-Lynch, has been a friend of long standing. If any of you out there who receive this hold differing opinions about HE's work, and you feel so inclined, you might want to send a short letter to HM's mail column ("Chain Mail"). The address is c/o HM Communications Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. HE knows we're sending out this flyer, but he doesn't want any letters you might send to HM to be motivated by personal feelings for him. If you think what "Gus Patukas" wrote isn't responsible where HE's work is concerned, send a note; otherwise, forget it. Either way, this flyer is just among us, okay?

HM's STAR DISSECTIONS

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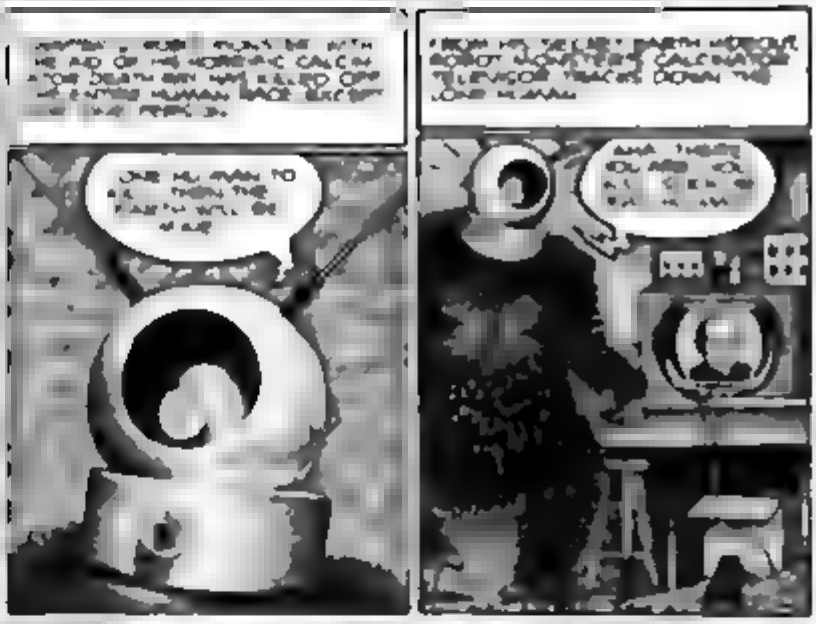
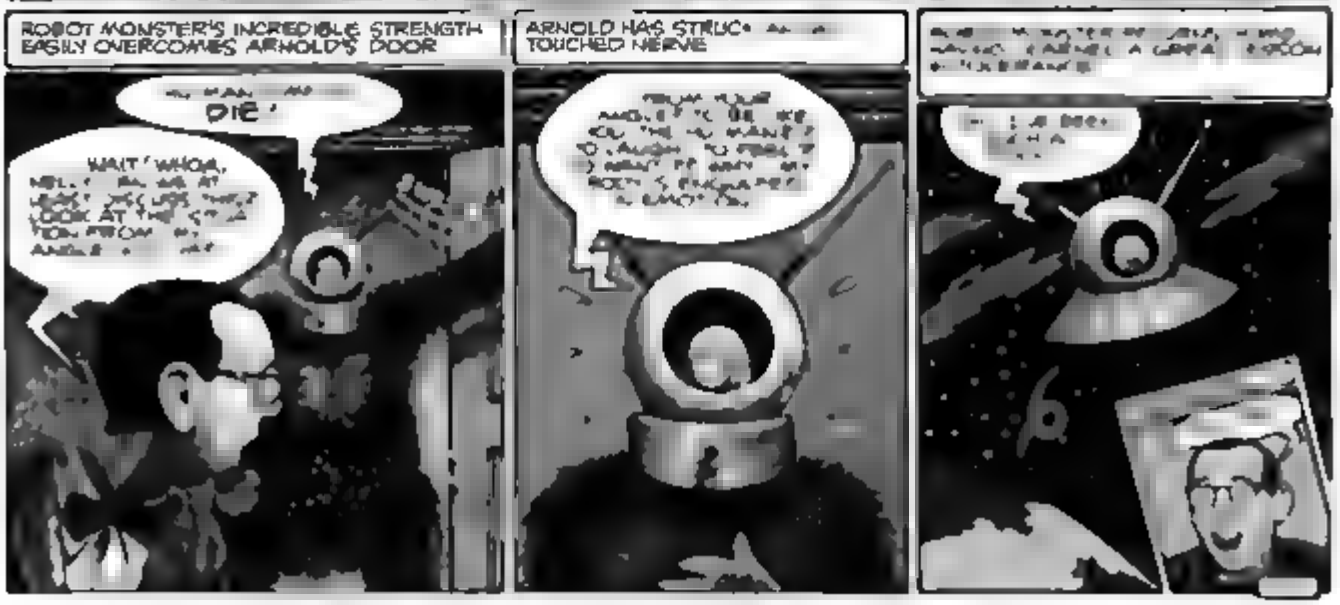
THE WORLD, THE FLESH, & ROBOT MONSTER





MY VAMPIRES: A MEMOIR

"Confusion, and illusion, and relation,
Elusion, and occasion, and evasion"
Tennyson, Idylls of the King

Christopher D deserves grand entrances, down glorious staircases (his dead father's staircase) with thousands watching. Although he is short—five inches from a midget—he commands attention. He's lame. He's a prince.

"My great great grandmother was a Russian princess," he explained the first time I met him, "and she married a count. A cruel man whose father was killed during the War of the Commune in Paris. He was visiting the city when the fighting started. Someone broke into his suite while he was making love to his cousin's wife. Grabbing his pistol, he chased the intruder out into the hall and halfway down the stairs. He was naked. Below him, the looters laughed. He shot wildly into the crowd, and they tore him—literally—limb from limb.

"While this was happening, his son (my great-great grandfather) was at home in Rome torturing cats. He was ten and went through thirty-two cats in the two and a half months that the French Civil War lasted. He kept a careful notebook. I have a pair of mittens made from the cats' fur."

We met at Amherst College where I stabbed him once a night for a week. Twice on Saturday when we had a matinee. By the time *The Zoo Story* closed, we were best friends.

During the summer, having graduated, we both stayed on to work as gardeners at the college, fell in love with sisters in Hadley, Massachusetts, and rode them till fall, carnal cowboys, till September when Christopher vanished mysteriously back to his European home. Two years later, he reappeared in New York City and after stalking me for a month suggested I join him when he returned to France.

It was 1970. I had been constructing miniature plastic models of an airport for the SST (to be built in Maine, cracking open the rocky coast for the buttery slip, in and out, of transatlantic jets) and wanted a vacation. There was nothing to keep me in New York. The girl I loved (a Scientologist who cleared between Christmas and New Year's) had bussed, for her inexplicable druidical reasons, west to Los Angeles. Although she wore clown-white makeup and kohlrabi hairdos, somehow she finagled her way into a late Robert Cummings movie, and I never heard from her again.

I accepted Christopher's invitation.

In September, we were flying to Nice.

Christopher lived with his great-aunt, Aristide D, wife of Deon, the dying aristocrat. She could have raised a lorgnette and gotten away with it. She wore her title stitched across her bosom. When she fixed me with her one good eye (right), I cowered; but she didn't notice for she was already off and running. The house. Deon. Dinner at nine. Formal. "You understand what that means?" Instructing the cannibal. "How do you know I won't politely lean across the table and chew off your fingers?" She didn't hear me, but that was all

by David Black
Illustrated by Randall Enos

night. She glided under her tilting blue hair just in time. It didn't topple. Christopher. Helena. Deon. The names dropped like tears into soup. Henry James was hanging in the closet. I caught a glimpse of him as the maid opened the door to hide my coat. He was suspended from a hook, reading *Tip Top Weekly: Frank Merriwell's Wrist or The Nerve of Iron.* He smiled vaguely as he turned the page.

"Your trunk hasn't arrived?" Mme. D asked in American, sacramental language: the word is the wafer, and the wafer lies on the tongue like a gold coin. Aristide was American. (Her real name was Betty.) She lived in Greater America, a country of her gilded imagination. She spoke French only out of duty (to her husband), courtesy (to her guests), and malice (to her relatives in Riverdale, New York). I was beneath her bilingualism. She blinked her watery blue eyes.

"I have no trunk," I explained.

All my clothes were stuffed into my orange Samsonite suitcase with the broken hinge—which had gaped, spilling stuff, as I was climbing the steps to the mansion. Forty-seven steps. I was still young enough to feel embarrassed.

Deon. She led me into his study so I could pay my respects. The dim room smelled like a hospital: rubbing alcohol and the modest whiff of urine. Two nurses fluttered on the fringes of consciousness. The walls of the room were covered with books. From shelves hung grinning African masks. Scattered over three library tables: skulls, old fashioned chemistry apparatus, globes of the Earth and the heavens, pieces of bone, pottery shards painted yellow, paleolithic tools. Mme. D handed me a stone ax as though I were an expert on stone axes.

I put it on the table next to a simple steam engine which powered by a bunsen burner, was cranking away. I picked up a plaster heart and took that puzzle apart. Mme. D tapped the center table with a femur.

"Usually, this is where we dine," she announced. She picked her teeth with the point of the bone. "To be near Deon."

Deon. Deon. He lay next to the window, half-smothered in blankets, life sliding like a garter snake from a bottle into his wrist. Music dribbled out slowly from a Zenith radio and splashed on the floor. A maid crawled from under the bed to mop up the puddle which hummed like an orchestra tuning up. When Mme. D ushered me forward, Deon blinked.

"M. D," said Mme. D, jerking the upper part of her body in deference to her husband, "may I present M. Black. We have spoken of this at other times."

Deon's eyes stood up and slipped me on like a coat. "Not a bad fit. Aristide. A little narrow here and there, and the fabric is rather flimsy, isn't it?"

Mme. D rustled from the room. At the doorway, before slamming the huge doors shut, she said to me, "You may read to him for a thirty minute period beginning presently. Read only what I have left out for you. The books are on the desk. There."

The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell, the Middle Years, 1914–1944 and Harold Nicolson.

Deon's face, cocooned in covers, stared up at me. A flap of translucent skin at his throat pulsed in and out with his breathing. After she had left, I snuck out.

"She thinks you're Deon's new sitter," snickered Christopher. "That's funny, isn't it?"

"No," I said.

We were in his room, trying to find a tuxedo that would fit me. The best we could do made me look like Chaplin.

"I know I have a bowler around here somewhere," said Christopher. "And you could use one of Deon's old canes."

"Why didn't you warn me?" I asked.

"Isn't this more amusing?" he said.

I felt nauseated.

"I'm enjoying it all," he assured me.

I sat on the bed and slit open the letter my sister had sent. It had been waiting for me when I arrived. She never wrote. Instead she forwarded newspapers and magazine clippings. Occasionally she underlined a significant phrase or circled an important paragraph, but she never commented. I had received in the week before leaving New York one *I. F. Stone Bi-Weekly* on black revolt, an article from *Psychology Today* in which Arthur Koestler said, "Once the credo is imprinted, man's schizoid brain permits his faith to coexist with his reason, even when they contradict on every point . . . ," a *Scientific American* ("The Calefaction of a River," the Connecticut River, where my grandfather used to swim), and a Leonard Lyons column. This time I found:

HOW TO AVOID HARMFUL TENSION

Emotional stress can weaken your resistance to disease—it could even shorten your life! Read how to stop killing yourself through fear, hate, frustrations. July Reader's Digest *Pick up your copy today*

At dinner, I met the pretender to the Portuguese throne, one of Christopher's cronies, who was also staying at the big house. After dinner, he let me in on a scam he was planning.

"All we need is, say, ten thousand bucks," he said while we were walking in the hallway after dinner. He was chubby and drunk and the left earpiece was taped onto his eyeglasses. "Then, I fly back to New York, go into one bank in midtown, buy travelers checks, come out and immediately go into a dozen other banks and cash the checks. An hour later, I call up American Express complaining that my pocket was picked. We get reimbursed. Another ten thousand. They won't remember my face at the banks because of the rush-hour crowds. Even if American Express knows we're gypping them, they can't prove it and they have to give us the new checks for the ones that were stolen."

He had been thrown out of Stanford for stealing a police car. When the cops picked him up and asked his name, he said, "The King of Portugal." They beat him in the back seat of the car he had stolen and threw him into jail, where he mooned for three months before his mother finally flew in from New York with two lawyers and sprung him.

"It won't work," I said.

"It's worth a try," he said. "Can you lend me the money?"

"No," I said.

"He's poor," explained Christopher.

"Isn't everybody," he said. "You'll get a thousand bucks out of it. Two thousand? How about three?"

"I don't have it, Gene," I said. "Wish I did."

"Look," he glanced down the corridor. "I have a plan. Chris, the Collection. We pawn something small. A little diamond or something. It'll never be missed. Look, Chris—"

"What's the Collection?" I asked after Gene had gone to bed.

"Tell you what," said Christopher, "I'll show it to you now. And you can learn about Mme. Calentura at the same time. Calentura." He drew her name out through his teeth as though it were dental floss. "Deon's sweetheart."

He led me through the dark paths behind the house, sweeping vines out of our way.

"I'll tell you a story, David. When he was a boy, Deon wanted to marry Calentura, but," Christopher's mustache wiggled in glee, "the family hardly approved of that scheme. You see, it was farsighted. Always had been. Over a hundred

years ago, the family decided it wanted American connections. As America's power grows, said my great-grandfather, so grow those fortunes connected with it."

Christopher looped his arm through mine and waltzed me down the avenue between the stately trees.

"The rest of Europe would die an exquisite death," he said. "Becoming objets d'art, tucked between the statuettes and vases in American salons. Aristocrats are not merely admired, dear David, but used. So, if anyone was going to use aristocrats, my great-grandfather decided it would be other aristocrats. The Ds. Me

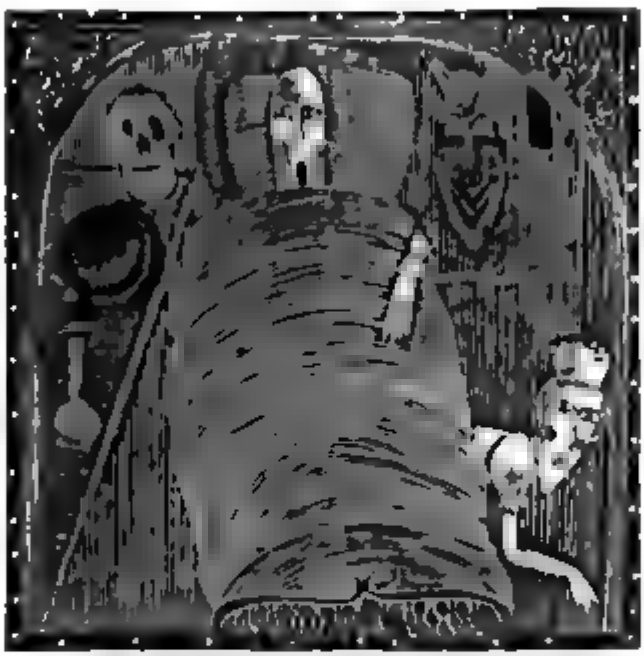
"My father and my great-grandfather both married Americans. Very rich. The daughter of a tuna fish king and a rubber heiress. To avoid being collected themselves, they traveled around the world collecting. Each took a continent, and they gathered everything!

"My great-grandfather was the most successful. Of course, Deon and his brother, Prospero, also scavenged, but their interests lay elsewhere

As we passed a marble statue, Christopher patted a marble buttock

"Deon," he continued, "frustrated in his attempt to marry Calentura, did not hesitate to marry an attractive American girl who was in molasses Lots of money. Very successful match But as a consolation prize, he gave his dear Calentura all that my great-grandfather had amassed—which he had inherited.

"Oh, it was a proper romantic gesture, but he was very canny He had the Collection stored, In fact hidden. So their romance did not end there. could not end there, because now Calentura owned the family Collection. When they couldn't retrieve it any other way, they demanded that she be annexed somehow back to the Ds to assure the Collection to the D descendants. So Prospero, my grandfather, married Calentura. They spent one night together and separated. Curiously enough, the match did have issue. my father, who, as I said, married another American." He sighed, "Ah, you Americans."



The New York Post
July 8, 1970

The White House, never shy about telling young people how to behave, today gave a free lesson in etiquette to 700 it has invited to a party July 17 for Britain's Prince Charles and Princess Anne

The instructions, issued deadpan by Mrs. Connie Stuart, constitute a handbook of good form

Guests should curtsy or bow when presented to the royal couple The royals, Mrs. Stuart confided to reporters, have asked some special friends to call them Charles and Anne. Tricia Nixon and Julie and David Eisenhower are expected to partake of this privilege

My sister had enclosed the article in an envelope with another on Gregory Finetemper of Neptune, South Dakota, who, after tracing a flying saucer to its landing field, befriended the saucerians and visited Betelgeuse, Orion's follow-the-dot, where everyone drifted through stainless steel cities wearing translucent gowns and violet hoods which covered their Aardvark faces.

I was leaning over the railing of a small bridge to watch the stream below trickle through the night. Christopher, leaning on the railing beside me, clicked his tongue twice with a slight sucking noise.

"What do Americans dream of when they're watching a stream in a European garden?" he asked. "Of shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings? My mother dreams mostly of kings and sometimes of sealing wax. By now, I suppose I'm more American than I would ever want to face up to. I wanted to be a motorcycle hoodlum when I was at Buxton. The blood gets thinner and thinner I don't think I like my mother "

He smiled sweetly His mouth was a straight line crimped up at the ends like the wing tips on fancy balsa wood airplanes. An Alec Guinness smile

Rogue. Rowdy Rascal Rat You were plotting something for me I could tell from that grin. I'd 747'd into a boiling pot. You bamboozled me with Babylonian tales. And—alas—I was enchanted with your desperado princes and dowdy countesses. I wanted more.

"Ah, well, my mother," Christopher continued. "The line goes on because of her Deon's marriage had no issue, but his relationship with Calentura did A girl Aimee."

He gestured ahead.

"Calentura's house." he said. "She's still alive She visits Deon occasionally But mostly she spends her time in the cellar going through the Collection."

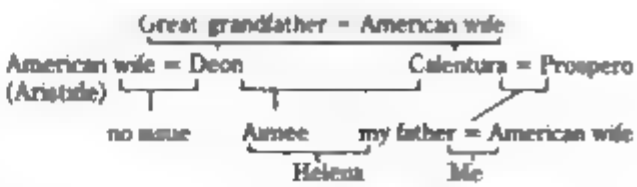
We gazed at the house: large, with buttresses elbowing down to the ground like insect legs. It looked like a giant cockroach cresting a rise.

"Two years after I was born," Christopher said, "my father and Deon's bastard had a child. Helena. She's remarkable I love her You will, too, no doubt. Does all this confuse you?"

He stopped at a stone bench.

"Here," he said. "I'll draw you a diagram. Perhaps, you'll see it more easily if it's done out. It's not at all problematic. It's simply an inverted pyramid. Missing its top."

In the sand, he scratched the following with a stick



He swished the stick through the air, making it hum. Moses changing his staff into a snake.

"Now do you see?" he said. "Not at all complicated."

He flung the stick into the bushes.

"I suppose," he said, "to make it all neat, I should screw Helena and have a sterile child that can commit suicide. What do you think?"

He snorted. Laughter.

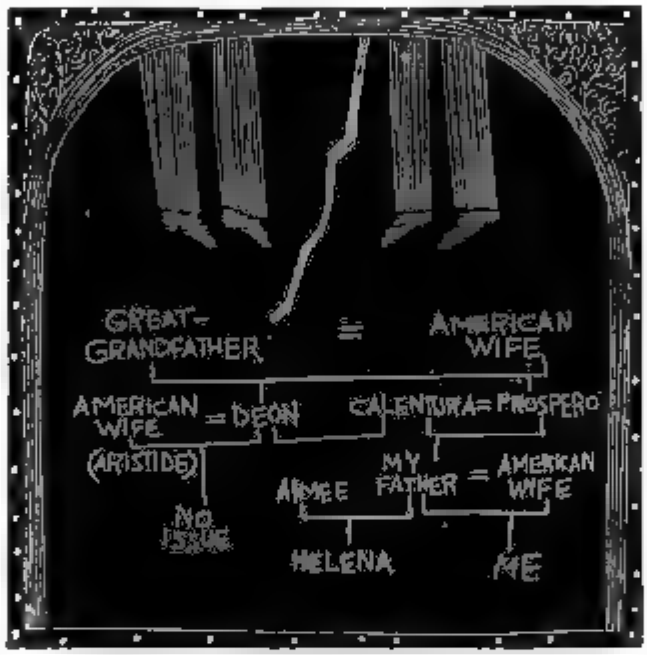
"Here's a photo," he said, reaching into his wallet. "Calentura. Eighteen. Lovely, wasn't she?"

Leaning over, he gazed at it with me. A locker room whiff. Vitalis on his neat long hair.

"In a way," he said, "I envy them all. You see," he stretched out his arms, "interlocking gardens. The Ds didn't want her straying after Prospero left her. They were careful. The Collection must be assured to their descendants." He paused. "To Christopher."

He held a fist up to my face and slowly opened his fingers.

"It's a spider web, David," he said, touching my cheek with his fingertips, "and we paralyze all you little flies that come too close. You better take care."



At the flight of moss-covered stone steps that led from the weedy garden up to the house, Christopher tore a browning geranium from a pot that sat on the wall. The clump of dirt tangled in the roots swayed and splashed waves of sand on the steps. He swung it over his head like a sling. David aimed at Goliath—and threw it into the darkness.

"I can do that, you know," he said. "It's all going to be mine. I used to play Indians here. Does that amuse you?"

Giving a war-whoop, he bounded away like a madman.

When I reached him, he was puffing by a gate covered with wrought iron flowers. He bowed low.

"Welcome, my college chum, to lotus-land."

Inside the courtyard was a walled garden around which ran a roofed walk. Just as Christopher stepped through a door into a sitting room—tapestry-covered settees along the wall, uncomfortable for sitting—a tall, thin woman with green hair floated in, her hands outstretched. She spoke in French.

"I saw you coming," she said.

She kissed Christopher on the corner of his mouth—he had turned his head at the last moment—and smiled at me.

"We've come to see Helena," Christopher said.

"She's upstairs reading something by Mao Tse-tung," the woman said, "Do you think that's proper?"

"Beat her," Christopher said.

"Yes," the woman said abstractly. "Will you wait?"

She swept her hand toward a couch that stood poised below a huge painting of Victor Hugo on Jersey.

In the French that was meant to exclude me—she also turned her back, showing me her baroque hairdo—she murmured, "Isn't it a beautiful evening?"

Leaning against the doorway, Christopher answered in English, "Lovely luv."

"I'll get Helena for you," she said, finessing Christopher's English, staying pat in French.

When she had left the room, Christopher threw himself onto the couch beneath the painting.

"That was Aimee," he explained. "Deon and Calentura's bastard. She wants me to go to bed with her. But she's too old. And it would ruin the symmetry, wouldn't it."

I approached another couch that stood on bird-like legs and seemed about to stalk down the room like a tango dancer.

"She grew up in America with a rich cousin," Christopher said. "Mme. D wouldn't have her on the same continent then. When she was sixteen, she had an abortion and was canned from Spence. When she was seventeen, she had another abortion and was tossed out of Putney. When she was eighteen, she tried to elope with a sailor and was thrown out of some anthroposophical school in upstate New York. When she was twenty, she had an affair with a member of the Harvard English department and was thrown out of Radcliffe. She lived in Cambridge for the next three years, pretending for Deon's sake that she was still in school. He showed up at her graduation and when they didn't call her name, he stood up in the audience and demanded an explanation. He was asked to leave the ceremonies. Aimee was in tears. He vanished into Southeast Asia for two years and never spoke to Aimee again. In Cambridge her name was 'Thunder Thighs.'" He did a grind and a double-bump. Boom-boom!"

"She's lived here ever since," he continued. "Once a year, for three weeks she goes to New York to get laid—by anyone and anything she can get her legs around. You can find her on west forty-ninth street, up the block from Sam Goody's. Bargain prices."

A young woman, dressed in a long yellow chemise, with yellower giraffes galloping into and out of the pleats as she moved, came into the room. Christopher crossed to her. She kissed his forehead. He turned to me, beaming.

She wore black dancing shoes with white ribbed stockings. Circling me, her head tipped to one side, she appraised me with a half-smile.

"Do I pass?" I asked. In English.

"Pass?" she repeated. Her eyelids rose from their sleepy droop and her cautious irises opened.

Christopher introduced us. She extended her hand. Her skin was like dry ice. I was afraid our palms would fuse, her touch was so cold.

"I'm pleased to meet you," she said in ghostile French. Her voice grew thorns. "Are you one of Christopher's actor friends?"

"No."

"Oh? I thought you were. He speaks a great deal about his actor friends."

She smiled at him as though she expected some explanation for my presence. When he said nothing, she turned her back on us and wandered into the garden.

"What a pretty night," she said.

The garden, like the grounds around the house, were lit

eccentrically with colored floodlights. Gaudy and cheap. Christmas tree bulbs were strung along trees and bushes.

"Aimee's idea," Christopher had said. "She loves amusement parks and carnivals. She claims a circus strong man once asked her to marry him, but she was afraid she'd be too delicate for him in bed. She says. Every so often Mme. D sends one of her men over with a rifle to shoot out the lights. Then, Aimee will appear at one of Mme. D's stately dinners in pink boas and see-through knits. Terrible escalation. Mme. D bought a Medici ring and keeps it filled with rat poison. Someday, she'll welcome Aimee to her dinner with a special wine."

Helena came back from the garden carrying a water lily she had plucked from the pond.

"I had them put in last week," she said in English. "Do you think they'll die?" She handed me the flower. "I think they will. That's why I picked it. Don't you think it's a shame for things to die?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said.

I glanced at Christopher. Was she mad?

Christopher was leaning forward, pretending to listen seriously.

"I think it's better to kill something," she continued her lecture. Dr. Mortus before the abecedarians of death. "Rather than letting it die itself because then it has a reason for dying. Otherwise, it's very stupid, I think. Oh, Chris, I've been exploring the cellar again. Do you want to see what I found? Would you like to come?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said.

I didn't want to be left alone in that house.

I put the flower on the chair. She crossed the room and picked up the flower.

"This way," she said.

"Now, you'll see the famous D Collection," Christopher said, "admired by kings and queens! Everything. Great-grandfather's. Prospero's. Deon's. Father's. All. Soon, I suppose, I'll be adding to it. I've got to make up for the little my Dad did. His collecting life was short. He died, David, on his way to America to begin collecting there. That would almost fill out the Collection. Great-grandpa collected in Africa. Grandpa collected in the Middle East. Deon collected in the Far East. He tripped while climbing a Burmese temple and fell down five hundred steps. Aimee thinks he did it on purpose. To get back at her for the humiliation he suffered at Harvard. To make her feel guilty. And to avoid talking to her. She reads to him sometimes. Mostly from Marx. Which he loathes. He always goes into a decline afterwards."

"Father never reached America," Helena explained. "He died on the boat."

"He was going over with Aimee who was on her way for her yearly screwing," Christopher said.

Helena stiffened.

"My mother likes to keep up with the theaters in New York," she said. "My mother stored him in the stateroom with ice-packs all over his body. She refused to give him up. She was afraid they'd toss him overboard."

"Burial at sea," explained Christopher. "Every day Aimee sat by him fondling his rigor-mortised cock. That doesn't sound like a lot of fun, but she was transported by it. It's all pretty strange. After Helena was born, Dad wouldn't sleep with Aimee anymore. He decided it was immoral. But they used to make out a lot."

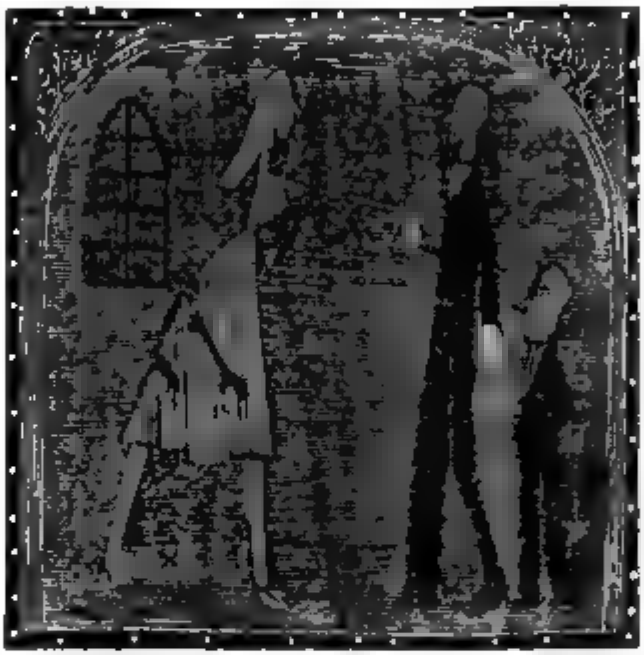
The walls of the stairway were frescoed with life-sized monks, carrying candles before their hooded faces. In the cellar, Christopher explained, "Everything except what furnishes the two houses is down here."

All along the walls were boxes and chests, pieces of furniture on blocks and covered with shadowy sheets. Crates formed aisles along which we squeezed.

Helena whispered, "See what I found!"

She unsnapped the bottom hinge of a box, asked me to unsnap the top, which I did. The cover swung open.

Inside, paintings were standing on their sides between wooden runners to prevent their faces from touching. Tugging at one painting, she slid it out. Christopher stood it against the side of the box.



In the swinging light, I recognized the girl in the portrait from the photograph Christopher had shown me earlier: only here Calentura was twenty-two, not eighteen, and she looked like Helena. Long blond hair and green eyes, white skin, lips too red.

"It's beautiful," Christopher said. "She's beautiful."

While I watched Helena touch her palm against the painted face, I became aware of a presence behind me. I swung around to see an old woman in the dark archway step back from my gaze. She was stooped. In the light, her skin, as white as the skin in the portrait, looked like a plaster mask. And it was covered with streaks and blue nodes. Purple blotches rimmed her eyes. She was bald. The skin on her head was pulled back so tightly her face looked like a skull.

"Calentura," Christopher said. "I'd introduce you, but she doesn't like to meet people."

Helena pushed the painting into its case and swung closed the door.

Later that night, as Christopher and I walked back to the other house, I said:

"She's beautiful."

"Helena?" said Christopher. "I'm glad you think so. She asked me to give you this."

He handed me a note, which said:

Since you're coming to my room tonight, I thought I'd better give you directions.

And she explained where her room was.

"What does she say?" Christopher asked.

"She wants to know how long I'm staying," I lied.

"Are you going to her room?" he asked.

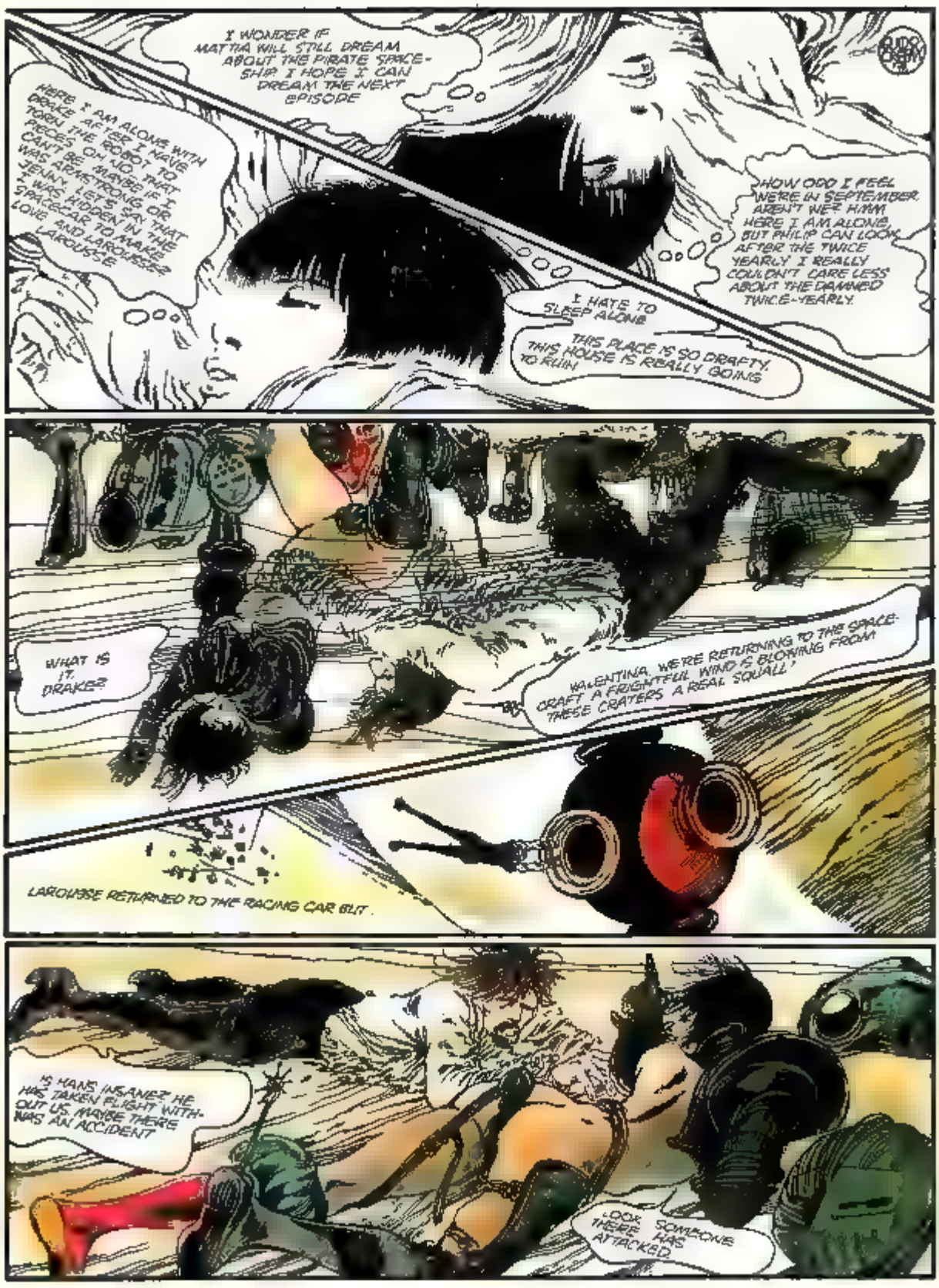
"Are you pimping for her?"

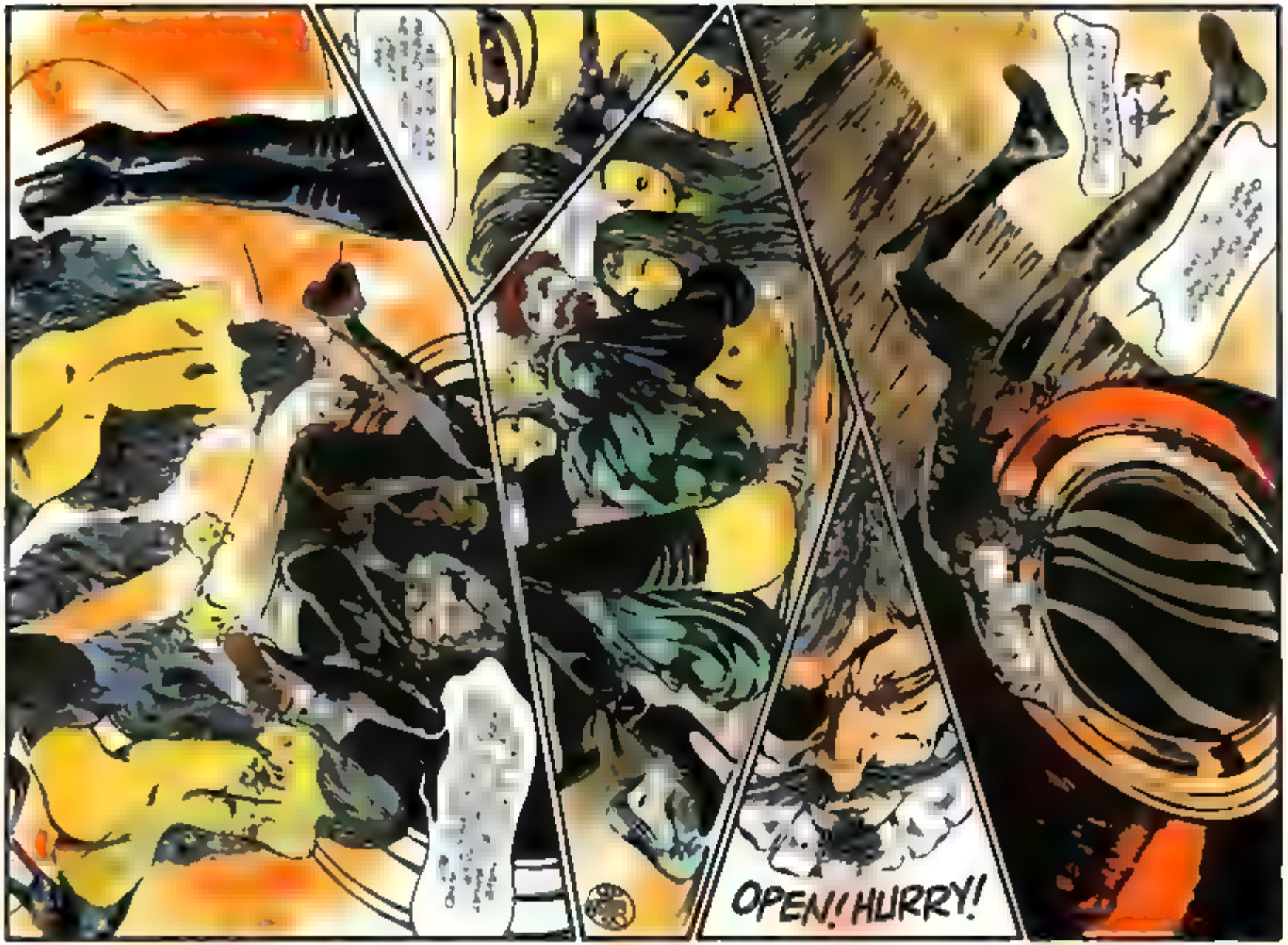
"In a way," he said. "In a way."

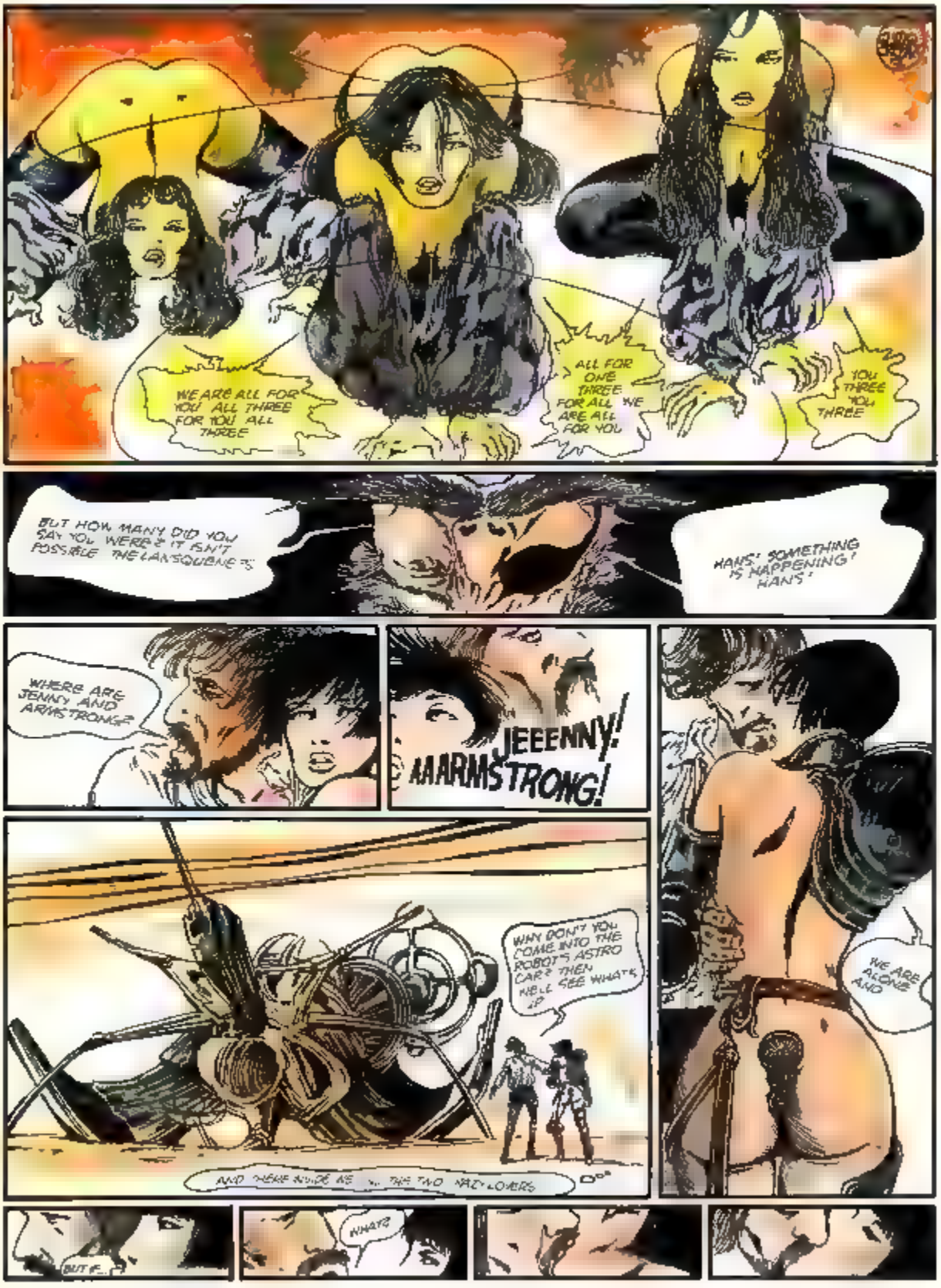
To be concluded next issue.

VALENTINA THE PIRATE

WHEN LAST WE READ, VALENTINA WAS TELLING MATTIA WILD TALES BEFORE THE CHILD DRIFTED OFF TO SLEEP. BUT ARE THEY JUST TALES?
RIDE ON, MAR HORSE! THERE ARE NONE AS STRONG AS YOU— NONE AS EQUAL. YOUR JUMP, YOUR RUN, SO FAST THAT YOU LEAVE NARY A FOOTPRINT IN THE SAND.


I WONDER IF MATTHA WILL STILL DREAM ABOUT THE PIRATE SPACE-SHIP. I HOPE I CAN DREAM THE NEXT EPISODE
HERE I AM ALONE WITH DROKE AFTER I HAVE TORN THE ROBOT TO PIECES. OH NO, THAT CAN'T BE. MAYBE IF I WAS ARMSTRONG OR JENNY. LET'S SAY THAT I WAS HIDDEN IN THE SPACECAR TO MAKE LOVE AND LAROUSSE? LAROUSSE
HOW ODD I FEEL WE'RE IN SEPTEMBER, AREN'T WE? HMM. HERE I AM ALONE, BUT PHILIP CAN LOOK AFTER THE TWICE YEARLY. I REALLY COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT THE DAMNED TWICE-YEARLY.
I HATE TO SLEEP ALONE
THIS PLACE IS SO DRAFTY. THIS HOUSE IS REALLY GOING TO RUIN
WHAT IS IT, DRAKE?
VALENTINA, WE'RE RETURNING TO THE SPACE-CRAFT. A FRIGHTFUL WIND IS BLOWING FROM THESE CRATERS. A REAL SQUALL!
LAROUSSE RETURNED TO THE RACING CAR BUT...
IS HANS INSANE? HE HAS TAKEN FLIGHT WITHOUT US. MAYBE THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT
LOOK. SOMEONE HAS ATTACKED


OPEN! HURRY!


WE ARE ALL FOR YOU ALL THREE FOR YOU ALL THREE
ALL FOR ONE THREE FOR ALL WE ARE ALL FOR YOU
YOU THREE YOU THREE
BUT HOW MANY DID YOU SAY YOU WERE? IT ISN'T POSSIBLE THE LANSQUENETS
HANS! SOMETHING IS HAPPENING! HANS!
WHERE ARE JENNY AND ARMSTRONG?
JEEENNY!
AARMSTRONG!
WHY DON'T YOU COME INTO THE ROBOT'S ASTRO CAR? THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT'S UP
AND THERE WE ARE ... THE TWO NAT-LOVERS
WE ARE ALONE AND
BUT IF...
WHAT?

COME ON, JUMP! USE SOME STRENGTH! NO ONE WILL BE UP HERE
KRT!...KRT
THE WIND COULDN'T HAVE POSSIBLY WREAKED SUCH HAVOC, COULD IT?
IT'S LIKE A BLACKED-OUT CITY. A TUNNEL CLOSED ON BOTH ENDS. NEED TO GET OUT. SHOULDN'T HAVE ENTERED. WE DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN'T GET OUT. OR CAN WE?
AHH!!!

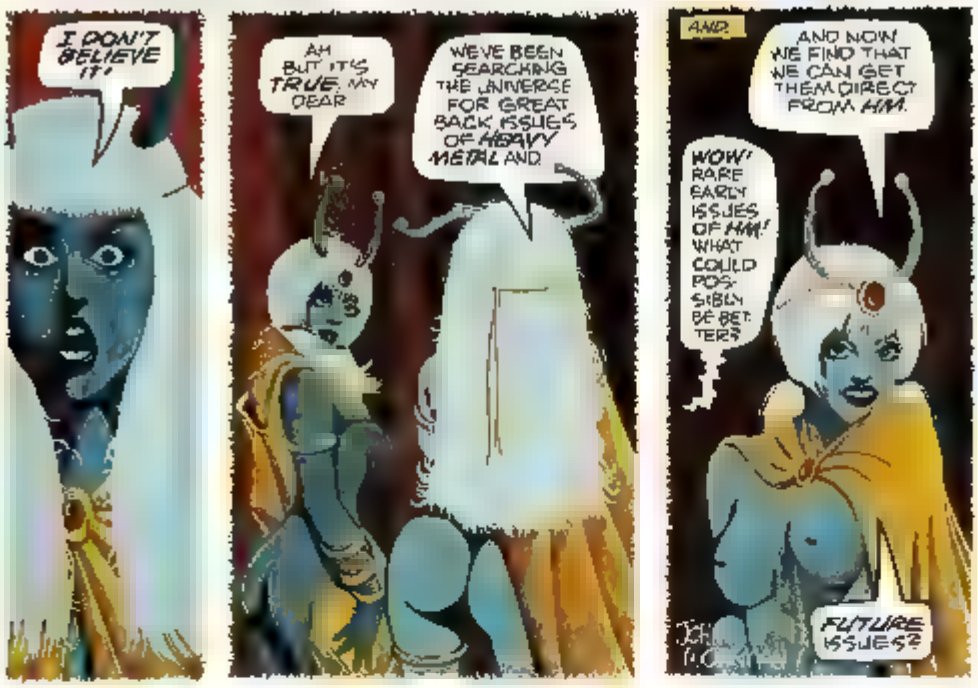
COME AWAY! COME AWAY!
STAY DOWN! WE AREN'T THROUGH IT YET!
BOY, IS THIS STUFF ITCHY THERE AREN'T ANY MEDICATIONS AROUND HERE. IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!
BUT THERE'S TOMMY
AND ARMSTRONG

UHUSCH!
DOH!
SO A WEAPON IS WHAT DID IT? NO ACTION ON
A DARK MAGIC WEAPON!
HOW IS THE BOTTOM TRUCK IS THERE AROUND ALL THIS?

TO BE CONTINUED (AND CLARIFIED) NEXT ISSUE

PRESENTING... TWO CUTE LITTLE EXTRATERRESTRIAL CREATURES TALKING ABOUT

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS


I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AH BUT IT'S TRUE, MY DEAR
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE UNIVERSE FOR GREAT BACK ISSUES OF HEAVY METAL AND
AND
AND NOW WE FIND THAT WE CAN GET THEM DIRECT FROM HIM.
WOW! RARE EARLY ISSUES OF HM! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE BETTER?
FUTURE ISSUES?

#1/APRIL 77 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77 Russian astronauts, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more

#3/JUNE 77 Macedo's "Rockblitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more

#4/JULY '77 Lots of Moebius "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow" conclusion of "Sunpot"

#5/AUGUST 77 "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77 Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera, plus more "World Apart," "Den" and "Polonius"

#7/OCTOBER 77 Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again

#8/NOVEMBER '77 New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77 Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78 Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and Richard updale Ulysses, "Conquering Armies" concludes "Den" continues

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben

#12/MARCH 78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts, more Barbarella, "Urm," and "Den"

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9," "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up

#14/MAY 78 Urm the Mad waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and Barbarella continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat

#15/JUNE '78 Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Hellman"

#15/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella" a sad ending for "996," resumption of Druillet's "Gail," more "Hellman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights"

#17/AUGUST '78 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17" Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER 78 Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Hellman."

#21/DECEMBER '78. The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79 Trina debuts and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79 Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown, Corban's Sindbad McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's tale show

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke): 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated Allen.

#27/JUNE 79: SORRY SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST 79 Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER 79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kolpad, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius and Ellison plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#34/JANUARY '80 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#35/FEBRUARY '80. An eerie Couralin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Walton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius and Lee Marrs

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage, plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé, and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE 80 Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#40/JULY '80 The Alchemist Supreme continues, Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky, Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave."

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed), Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger

#43/OCTOBER '80 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: Cover by Hajime Sorayama, Clavelouz, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal inside.

#45/DECEMBER '80 SORRY SOLD OUT!

#46/JANUARY '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#48/MARCH '81 Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic, begins, "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue; Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's Salammbo ends. Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America

#49/APRIL '81 Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera

#50/MAY 81 Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals Fête! Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality

#51/JUNE '81 The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview, Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* pre-

mieres, Howarth's 'Changes' winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and Workman!

#52/JULY '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#53/AUGUST '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#56/NOVEMBER '81 Jaronston's 'Egg of the World.' Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully.

#57/DECEMBER '81. SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82. The further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's 'Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day" a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's 'Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY 82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwartberger." Plus "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82 Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars Druillet, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82 Marcelo and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Druillet.

#65/AUGUST 82 Jones and Wrightson's 'Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's The Ape. Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER 82 Hecht's 'Music Video Interface." Lupoff's 'Barsoom!" and Hinge's "Object. Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82 You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S. Last part of Black's 'Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82 Part 1 of Kaluta's 'Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does 'Den II" and Druillet's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*.

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's 'Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's 'Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernandez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY 83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of the film *The Entity*. Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83 We bid a fond farewell to Deh and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more.

#73/APRIL '83 Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye" and Saur's "The Odyssey" along with Kaluta, Crepax and Workman.

#74/MAY 83: Kaluta and Lee's stagestruck "Starstruck," "Marlowiditz" the robotic detective, and the conclusion of Manara and Pisu's "The Ape."

#75/JUNE 83. Corben's "Doomsculi," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY 83 Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*.

#77/AUGUST '83 Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts. Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER 83 An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola! Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER 83 Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle!?! A great issue.

#80/NOVEMBER '83 A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83 Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

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THUD!
Dragons!Haw--pull the other one!
Why are you so upset about these dragons, Pixelle?
The ones that Marty and I saw were just wimpy little things,anyway
It's a duh-duh-Dragon!
It's a duh-duh-Dragon!
Well,don't just stand there,knucklehead--pull out your sword and kill it!

WHACK!
Great going!
Listen,a dragon is just a symbol of man's fear of the unknown,right? So let's use psychology on him...
Hey,you I hope you realize that this passive-aggressive behavior is typical of
WEEEOWW!
Now I'm really getting mad
But it was too late Like an enraged bug,Pixelle ran toward the Dragon
No Pixelie
CLONK!

Don't worry, Pixelle! I'll rescue you!
The creature's jaws opened and engulfed us--

--and suddenly we were swallowed up inside his cavernous gorge.

We plunged into the slimy pit of his throat--

--Finally skidding to a stop inside a huge pink cavern.
Barf me out the door!What is this yucky stuff?
I think it must be his digestive juices.
PANCREAS PRIVATE KEEP OUT!
Hey,look--someone else has been in here before us!
What makes you say that?
Because they've furnished his pancreas with a really expensive modular living-room suite.
Oooh... how awful!
Yeah,the poor guy must have fallen into an intestine by accident and gotten digested.
No,I mean his taste was awful.If we're gonna stay here,I'm redecorating!

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the bus

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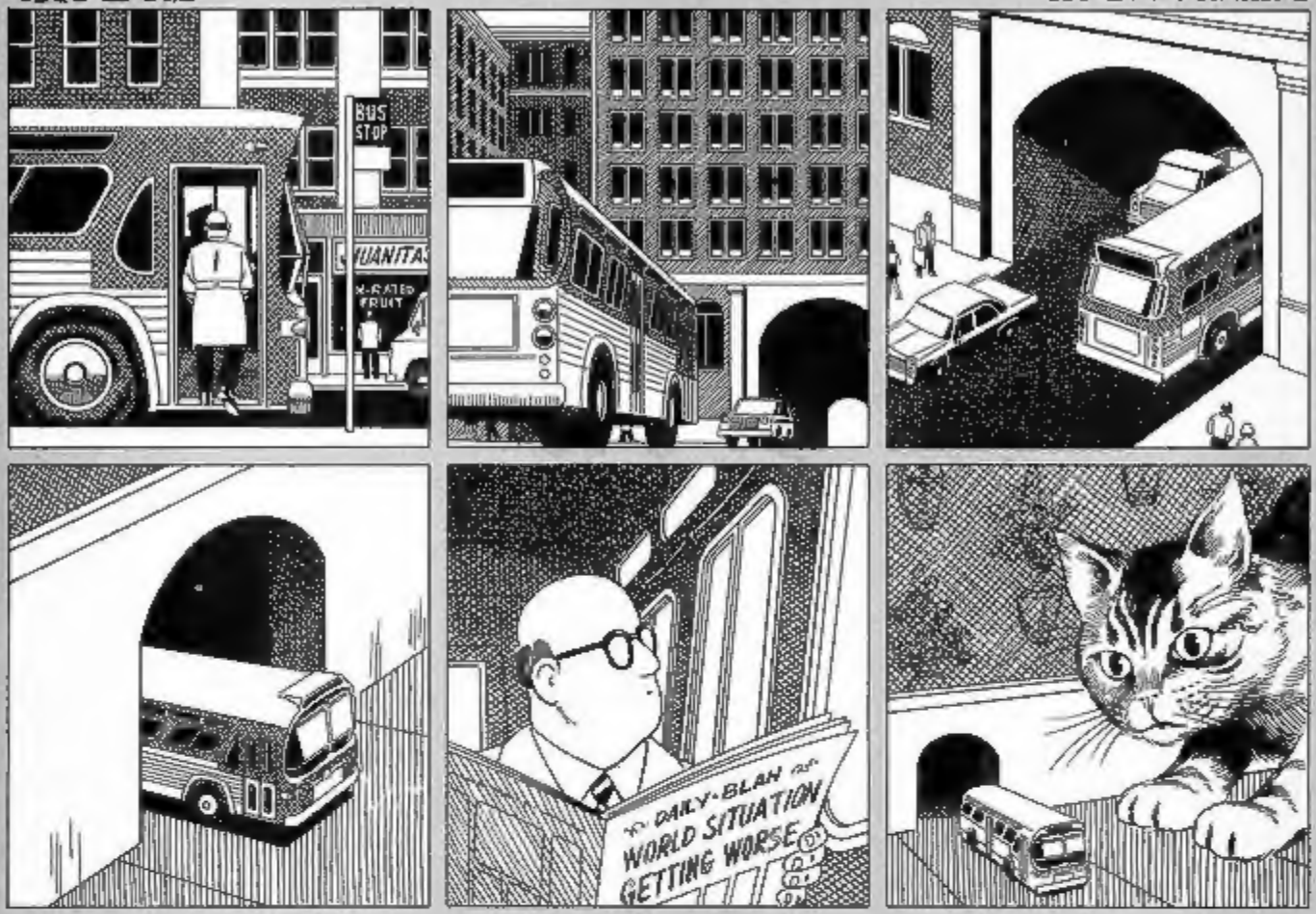

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